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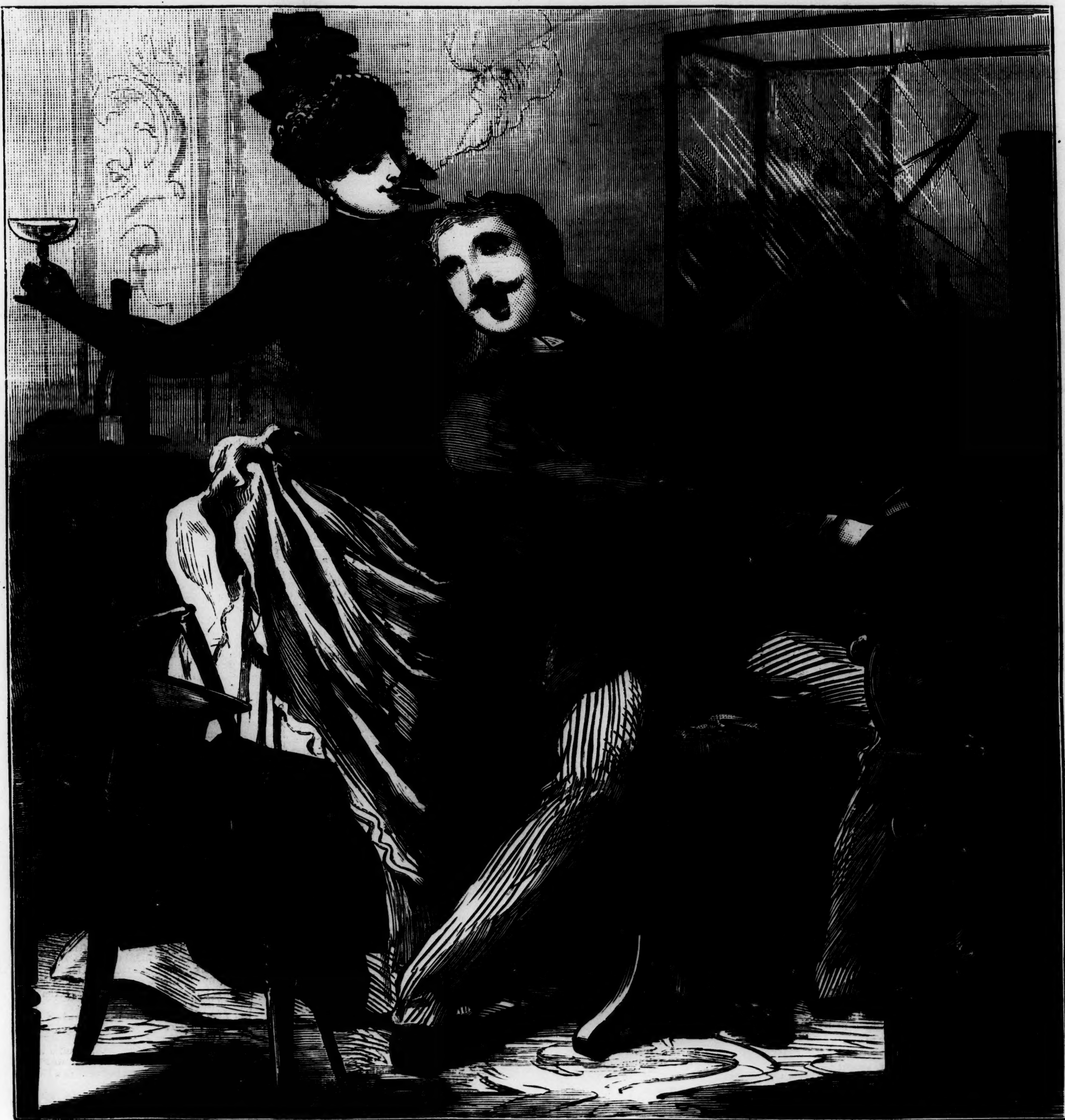
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886.

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THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND.

A GALLANT MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB HAS A PICNIC ALL OF HIS OWN IN THE PRIVATE PARLORS
OF THAT "SWAGGER" INSTITUTION.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

Our esteemed contemporary, *Texas Siftings*, which has already made for itself an international reputation by virtue of its acuteness and clever perception, says this of a gentleman pretty well known to fame in connection with the POLICE GAZETTE:

One of the finest—if not the finest—and most extensive printing establishments in New York is that of Richard K. Fox, owner and publisher of the *Police Gazette*, *Sporting World*, etc. The seven stories of his building are filled with the latest improvements in printing machinery. Besides printing his own papers and books, he prints newspapers for more than a dozen other publishers, and in the matter of show bills and theatrical posters he does probably a larger business than any other house in New York. One hundred and fifty-two men and women are employed in the various departments from the press rooms on the lower floors to the engraving and artistic departments in the top story.

Mr. Fox has a very extensive business, while each year shows a large increase on the previous one. He is an authority on all sports, and is the trusted custodian of money put up on all sporting events in the United States, having handled over \$150,000 in stakes and challenges during the last ten years. He is fond of good horses and owns and drives one of the fastest teams of trotters in New York. He works in his office from 9 until 4 o'clock every day. His success came, not from luck, not from inherited or borrowed money, but from his own energy, business ability and extraordinary liberality in encouraging everything in the way of popular and national sports that are of a legitimate character. He is a success. He has only himself to thank for his success, and he deserves it.

FAT PARSON CONSOLERS.

A parson should, above all men, dwell in realms that are above suspicion. He loses his uses to morality when even the lightest breath of scandal blurs his name.

But be he never so pure, so long as he possesses the natural qualifications for mischief and the natural passions, in common with other men, to prompt him to mischief, that portion of his life which is not seen of man and is open to temptation is liable to be assailed and misquoted by the world.

What shall he do then? Shall he refrain from pastoral visits altogether because there are temptations to mischief, and because the world will not believe he has the grace to overcome the promptings of the passions common to all nature? Shall he forbear to dry the orphan's tear because the lonely orphan is a mature female? Shall he refuse comfort to the widow because she is young and comely, just because the world would censure him unjustly?

In no other way can he avoid suspicion. Yes, there is one way he can be above suspicion. Never let him go alone to call on the comely widow, the mature female orphan, or even the Mrs. Potiphar of his charge. It would be poor fun, doubtless, for both parties in many instances, but it would be eminently safer and better for the cause of morality, if a staid old chaperone was present and wide awake.

How would it do, then, for instance, for the deacons of a church to take turns about in visiting with the pastor? It would be inconvenient, doubtless. But therein would be the virtue. The personal sacrifice of time and inclination would hallow the act. Sometimes the comely widows and mature orphans, even the pretty Mrs. Potiphar, would not like it, but what of that? It would be poor fun, of course, but eminently safer all round.

Now, there is Messaros. If he had been fortunate enough to have taken some staid and pious member of his church along with him to call on the Coulston family—such a man, for instance, as Samuel Josephs or John Houghton or George Costa, now—he could have proved anything that was necessary in case of suspicion. But, indeed, such suspicion would never have arisen, and all the witnesses hidden away in all the upstairs rooms in this big, wicked city could not prove anything under any such indictment.

This is just a wrinkle for pastors and congregations. Let the pastor go in company. The comely widows, mature orphans, etc., might not like it, but it would be eminently safer all around.

STAGE WHISPERS.

W. E. Sheridan has gone to Australia.
Murry Woods has joined the Casino army.

Frederick Paulding is acting in "The Sea of Ice."

One of the Nanki Pooos is poor old Henri Laurent.

All new—Rhea's repertory next season. In a hurry.

Couquelin's performances in America will number sixty.

Modjeska swims like a fish and says it agrees with her.

Fortescue's trump card will be W. S. Gilbert's "Gretchen."

Next season Agnes Lowell is to be Frank Mayo's leading lady.

Roland Reed is catching the female dudes with his "Bridal Trap."

A long summer's run is assured in New York for "Prince Karl."

In Louis James' repertory "Virginus" is to hold a prominent place.

Lillian Olcott will be coached by Sardou for the title role in "Theodora."

"Soldiers and Sweethearts" is expected to make a sensation in Gotham soon.

Japanese villages are multiplying and making quite a draft upon Yokohama.

Lawrence Barrett opens his next season Aug. 30, at the Star theatre, New York.

Mantell made a sensation in San Francisco as Raphael in "The Marble Heart."

George Henschel is now vocal professor at the Royal College of Music in London.

The trout are committing suicide in Maine to escape Joe Jefferson's deadly fly.

Charles Barron, with Rose Coghlan in a fine repertory, will assuredly be successful.

Unlucky Mr. H. M. Pitt has closed his "Baron" season, and all his company mourn.

George Fawcett Rowe will produce several new plays this summer at Richfield Springs.

Daniel Bandmann owns a cattle ranch in Kansas. He is said to make a first-class drover.

Robert Fraser has concocted a mixture of pantomime and music, and named it "Come Off."

Harry Kernell opens with Haverly's minstrels in San Francisco, Cal., June 26, for six weeks.

Col. McCaull has secured Hubert Wilk to replace Mr. Perugini when he goes on his vacation.

Verdi's "Iago" opens with the scene at Cyprus, in the second act of the Shakespeare comedy.

The incredible story is published that Wallack is to open next season with a new American play.

"The Crowing Hen" and "The Bridal Trap" are at war in New York. Both are equally good.

Prof. Crocker's equestrials, 16 thoroughbred Arabian horses, will be at the Windsor next week.

Agnes Consuelo has succeeded Cottrelly in McCaull's "Crowing Hen," at Wallack's, New York.

Frank Jones (Si Perkins) and wife are spending the summer at his old home, Pughtown, W. Va.

"Jacob Levy" and "Caught in a Corner" are to be the new trump cards of M. B. "Sam" of Posen.

Kathryn Kidder has been engaged for the Madison Square Company. This is tough on the M. S. T.

Mrs. Edwin Arden, a daughter of Thomas Keene, the tragedian, gave birth to a daughter the other day.

"Tartuffe" and "Les Precieuses Ridicules" will be included in Couquelin's repertory for this country.

Manager J. B. Hill says in a letter: "I am not now nor have I been an applicant for a theatre in Pittsburgh."

Stuart Harold will play the Count in the Ben Woolf version of Le Serment d'Amour, to be produced in Boston.

Robert L. Downing is to make Rome howl as Spartacus in "The Gladiator," his chief role, the coming season.

Sidney Cowell and Raymond Holmes have been made one. They deserve to play "The Happy Pair" forever.

Frederick Bryton is rewriting and strengthening his play, "Forgiven." All will be forgiven if he won't play it.

Will Wheeler and his comedy company expect to take the road a week from Monday with Karl Webber's "Klanks."

"A Ring of Iron," soon to have its first American production in this city, made a great success with English playgoers.

Audran's new opera bouffe, "Indiana," has been secured for the Avenue Theatre, London, where it will shortly be produced.

There is eleven pensioners of the Forrest Home. They are not called pensioners, but visitors. The queen of them is Mrs. Rachel Cantor.

Miles & Barton's company, which will support Lydia Thompson next season, will be composed mainly of English artists. Of course.

Mrs. Langtry has bought another New York mortgage. The figure is \$5,000, and the property is at Seventy-third street and Eleventh avenue.

Langtry's performance of "Marthe" in Melba and Halevy's comedy, "Les Brebis de Panurge," in French, was an artistic success in London.

The author of "The Little Tycoon" is re-

ported to have netted \$25,000 in royalties out of it. This beats Gilbert and Sullivan away out of the race.

Bandmann has gone to Europe. He will return in the autumn and play the dime museum circuit, which he found decidedly profitable the season past.

Miss Fortescue, who is coming here in the Fall, is just recovering from an attack of the measles. Miss Fortescue is worth \$50,000, and she is decidedly pretty.

John Howson, R. E. Graham and Fred Solomon may all have comedy roles in Sydney Rosenfeld's opera, "The Mystic Isle," which is to be brought out in Philadelphia next October.

Phil Goatcher, the artist, is painting an entirely new and elaborate set of scenery for the Ben Maginley "May Blossom" company, and announces that this work will be his masterpiece.

Phosa McAllister closed her successful season in Syracuse. The press notices are very complimentary to the actress, who is to return the coming season over the New England circuit.

Dion Boucicault and his new wife are now in the British capital, but only on pleasure bent. It is reported that "Mrs. B. No. 1" is not far off, and if she comes into collision with her successor, "feathers will fly."

Willie Edouin has secured the English and American rights of the latest Paris success, "Le Bonheur Conjugal," and when the Anglicised version is prepared Edouin will take it on the road with an English company.

The mania for theatre building has now seized Mrs. Langtry, and the Jersey Lily is said to have secured a suitable "lot" in a leading London thoroughfare. The Lily has made her "pile," so she can well afford the outlay.

The latest conundrum at the London clubs concerns Miss Fortescue, to whom Lord Garmoyne paid £10,000 for not marrying her. This is it: What is the most expensive kind of oil? Garmoyne. Because it costs £10,000 per gal.

P. J. Murphy, brother of Mark Murphy, of Murray and Murphy, has received a San Francisco nomination for the Upper House of the California Legislature. Mr. Murphy was formerly connected with the staff of the *Evening Post* in that city.

Half a century ago last Sunday William Davidge first appeared on the stage. It was at Nottingham, England. He played Adam Winter in "The Iron Chest." Mr. Davidge is to have a benefit in New York in October. He deserves a monster.

Christine Nilsson is about to take to herself a second husband, this time a Count of the Roman Empire. The Swedish prima donna will then be Madame Le Comtesse. We hope her elevation to rank will be happier than the De Caux-Patillon was.

Emily Kean, who played a very successful season as soubrette in Roland Reed's plays, being a strong vocal feature of his "Pocket Mikado," has not as yet signed for next season. Miss Kean is a good actress, is petite in figure and has an excellent singing voice.

Two novels which read very well are Robert and Louis Stevenson's "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Frank Stockton's "The Late Mrs. Null." There is nothing to make a play out of in either, however, yet we are told that they are being dramatized.

E. E. Kidder has written a play for which the professional events and troubles of a theatrical company provide the motive. One act, which introduces four dressing rooms in one set, is said to be a roarer, and there is a new version of the balcony scene for which much is expected.

The Alfa Norman English Opera Company begin their second tour August 30, with a large and complete organization. Their repertoire will include the "Maid of Belvedere," "The Flower of Pekin" and other new operas, besides several standard works—"Martha," "Bohemian Girl," etc.

Adam Forepaugh, the circus proprietor, has leased Madison Square Garden from next Fall to the following Summer. He will open his big show there in March, crowding out Barnum, and for the Winter he promises spectacular, athletic and musical attractions of a necessarily huge nature. The lease excites considerable interest in theatrical circles.

Edward Harrigan is at work on the new play which early in September is to open his regular season at the Park theatre in New York. The central idea is said to be as original as that of "The Leather Patch." The preliminary season in the metropolis opens August 18, so that neither the star nor his popular manager "Mart" Hanley, will be able to enjoy a long vacation.

D'Oyly Carte, the "Mikado's" proprietor and manager, is so delighted over the brilliant success of the profitable Japanese opera in the German capital that he intends having a theatre of his own in Berlin. In this he will produce the whole series of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, a labor, it is believed, of two years. This is a capital idea. Carte's American company play the "Mikado" in Berlin.

Lester & Allen's minstrels, reorganized and rejuvenated, will take the road on or about Aug. 8. This company are now busily engaged drilling and rehearsing, and will be in every way "up to the times." Their brass band and drum corps will be one of the best and finest. One of the principal features is the "Five Musical Kings." Harry Egerton is manager, and our old friend, Gus Phillips, is in advance. With "Oofy" ahead and Egerton back with the show, success is assured.

A London cablegram says: "Adonis" Dixey's business at the Gaiety theatre is picking up after the drop complained of in the various notices of the London papers. The most interesting event of the past week was the first public appearance of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris since her father's death. Acting on the doctor's advice to see an amusement in order to counteract melancholy, she visited the theatre with a party of friends. On being interviewed the bright little woman, with flashing eyes full of intelligence, expressed surprise at witnessing Mr. Dixey's obvious success after having read the adverse criticisms of the London papers. "The American Jokes," she remarked, "are being readily caught up by the London public, which is not always the case with the jokes of their own writing."

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

She Licked the Dude.

A comical scene occurred on Kemp avenue Watertown, Dak., the other evening, in the shape of a fight between a dude and a woman. The disgraceful part of it was, that after being knocked down by a blow on the back of the head from a big club in the hands of Ed. Fahnestock, who is known as the male laundress, the woman was arrested and carried off, with the blood streaming down her neck, to the lock-up, while the dude was not molested.

His Home Run.

The town of Pierre, Dakota, was thrown into a wild state of excitement June 23rd by the announcement that Fred W. Stone, the celebrated foot racer, had eloped with Miss Carrie McGibbons, a beautiful young lady whose parents are wealthy and respected. The girl's father was greatly distressed at the news and at once put officers on the track of the runaway couple, who will probably be captured and brought back. Stone's parents reside in New York, and are said to be very wealthy.

Shaved and Whipped by Vigilants.

Uriah Shulton, living six miles northeast of Mount Pleasant, Texas, was called out a few nights ago by the rattling of the door of his corn crib. On leaving the house he was seized by eight men and carried to the woods, where, after being shaved and having his hair cut very close, he was given twelve lashes by each of the eight men. He had not been shaved nor had his hair cut for twenty-five years. He was thus treated for having beaten and caused his wife to beat an orphan girl until her back was terribly lacerated, for some very trivial offense.

Fought Until One Drowned.

Two fishermen belonging to the schooner *Finance*, Herbert Jellows and Henry Otto, commenced a fight on shore at Gloucester, Mass., and both were more or less pounded. They were stopped, and entering separate dories rowed to the schooner in the harbor. They opened hostilities as soon as they reached the deck, and the result was both of them went over the rail into the water. An eye witness said that Jellows pulled Otto over the rail. Jellows sunk at once out of sight and Otto was rescued by his shipmates. Otto, who was bruised badly about the face, was taken to the police station with several witnesses. The body of Jellows was found two hours later.

Killed at His Post.

J. P. Thatcher, Town Sergeant of Moundsville, W. Va., was shot and killed at 7 o'clock on the evening of June 23 by Eugene Johnson, a lawless character. Thatcher went to arrest him. Mrs. Johnson refused him admission to the house, and when he attempted to force an entrance struck him over the head with a hatchet. Thatcher arrested her and started for the jail, when Johnson came out with a double-barreled shot-gun and killed Thatcher instantly. Johnson escaped. The whole populace is after him and will lynch him if caught. Thatcher was formerly a Methodist minister, but was expelled from the conference for heretical teaching on the doctrine of sanctification. He then established a weekly paper called the *Gospel Herald* and founded a church of his own, known as the Holiness Church.

He bought a canvas tent from a bankrupt circus and preached in it till he raised funds to build a modest church. He has established several branch congregations, and his own has grown to good size. Last spring he sought the Republican nomination for Town Sergeant, got it and was elected. He was about forty-five years old and leaves a family.

Breaking Up a Prayer Meeting With an Ax.

One Sunday evening an unusually large number of people had gathered at the prayer meeting in the Methodist Church in the village of East Mansfield, R. I. The service had hardly begun when a mad rushed in at the door calling in a loud voice to his father and mother, who were among the congregation, to come out quickly and save themselves. Many persons thinking that the building might be on fire or that something dreadful was going to happen, were making their way out as fast as possible when suddenly a man named John Randall made his appearance among them, swinging an ax and shouting at the top of his voice that he was going to kill every one of them, except his mother. The women and children were very much frightened. The church was soon vacated, many making their exit from the windows. No one present dared to make an attempt to arrest the drunken maniac. He soon had full possession of the church. His mother prevailed on him not to hurt any one, and no one was injured. Word was sent immediately to constables, but upon their arrival upon the scene, one hour later, Randall had taken to the woods, after he had chased one man into the swamp. Several hours search for him proved fruitless.

An Indian Race.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Calgary, Alberta, British Northwestern Territory, writes:

"We had a hard-contested race in F. J. Clatson's skating rink from June 2 to June 6, sixteen hour go-as-you-please, four hours a night for four nights, two Indians and one white man. The white man's name is Con Green, a ten-mile runner from Montreal, now a member of the Northwest Mounted Police here. Little Plume, son of Chief Crow Foot, chief of the great Blackfoot Nation and champion long distance runner of the Northwest. Bad Dried Meat Man, long distance runner from the Blood Camp.

On the first night Bad Dried Meat Man made 29 miles and 5 laps. Little Plume made 29 miles and 9 laps. Con Green, 27 miles and 3 laps. Green was taken with a cramp and lost 2 miles and 2 laps.

Second night Bad Dried Meat Man made 27 miles and 7 laps. Little Plume, 27 miles and 11 laps. Green, 27 miles and 7 laps.

Third night, Bad Dried Meat Man, 28 miles and 6 laps. Little Plume, 20 miles and 6 laps. Little Plume was taken with cramps and dropped out. Con Green, 27 miles and 1 lap.

Fourth night—betting giving odds on Green, but Bad Dried Meat Man was too much for him. Green gained on the Indian a few laps the first two hours, but after that the Indian was too much for him. Green saw he could not beat him, so dropped into a walk. Score as follows: Bad Dried Meat Man, 21 miles and 14 laps. Green, 20 miles and 14 laps. There is 16 laps to the mile.

Score: Bad Dried Meat Man, 107 mi. Green, 104 miles 9 laps. Little Plume, 77 miles and 10 laps.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Orth H. Stein.

Orth H. Stein has closed a rather meteoric career in St. Louis. Stein is somewhat of a cosmopolitan swindler and confidence man, and has carried on his operations in a number of Western cities. He is especially well known through rascality in Denver, Leadville, Kansas City, Chicago and Lafayette, Ind., and although not yet twenty-five years old, he has been concerned in a number of feats of roguery remarkable for their dexterity as well as for the impunity with which they have been accomplished. His St. Louis record was as brilliant in its way as brief.

Stein is a slender young man, who always dresses well and in good taste, and gold eye-glasses add somewhat to the good looks of a thin brunette face. He wears a small, pointed, dark mustache, and is a pleasant and rather fascinating talker, when he chooses to be for an object. He came to St. Louis less than three months ago, heralded by an Associated Press dispatch, which stated that he had robbed his mother and sister of a little fortune of a few thousand dollars, upon whose income they lived, and had left Lafayette, which was the scene of the exploit, to escape the consequences of this discovered piece of villainy, while the two wronged relatives hid their heads from the reflected disgrace of the youth in Logansport, where the respectable family had friends.

Stein applied to the *Globe-Democrat* for a situation as reporter and got it. He had charge of local news of the Southwest System strike, then at its hottest, and he very soon achieved the affectionate regard of Editor McCullagh and the dislike of the Knights of Labor by discovering and describing occurrences concerning the strikers and acts of lawlessness that the other papers didn't get, and, in fact, were never heard of until his lively play of fancy and facile pen brought them into existence. He was the author of a blood-curdling description of a midday attack by several thousand Knights of Labor upon the shops of the Missouri Pacific Company, two fictitious interviews with Secretary Turner, of the Knights of Labor, and Martin Irons, a story of destruction among the strikers a day or two after the pay-car had filled their pockets; an attack on W. H. Bailey, in which he accused the committeeman with indirect dishonesty in the management of the strikers' fund. When the strike had ended he distinguished himself by similar work in other directions, and was regarded in a fair way of promotion.

In the meantime Stein had been boarding at the Laclede Hotel, and to him came from Indiana a handsome and well-behaved young lady, who is well known to a good many patrons of courtesans in the East and West. She registered as Stein's wife, and they lived connubially for some weeks, but the young man made no secret among his friends of their relations. She disliked hotel life, and the couple engaged rooms of S. B. Cunningham, in an eminently respectable neighborhood, which is No. 3300 Morgan street. Stein endeavored to avoid payment of his bill at the hotel but failed, and gave Cashier Wes Austin a check on his employers for the amount, inducing James Francisus, of the Wabash railway—whom he had met during the strike—to cash his check. The check has never been paid. The couple shone for a few days upon the dazzled residents of Morgan street, where, he told his fast friends, they were a social success. They entered the parlors of residences where horror will reign when their owners learn whom they entertained, and were the talk of the neighborhood until a former favored admirer of the woman in another city met her by accident at a progressive euchre party one evening, and keeping silence until next day when he remonstrated with Stein. Stein became alarmed and made preparations to leave the city. He may have had other reasons for leaving, but this is the only one apparent now. He arranged a plan with Mrs. Stein and disappeared Friday, after drawing his salary in advance from the paper employing him.

During the time he was in the house of Mr. Cunningham he paid his board with two drafts. One of these was on a New York newspaper, which Stein told Mr. Cunningham owed him money. It was returned protested. The other was for \$90, and was drawn on Vice-President H. M. Hoxie of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company. Stein told his landlord that Mr. Hoxie owed him \$300 for journalistic services rendered the Missouri Pacific Railway Company during the strike through the *Globe-Democrat*.

Mr. Cunningham took the draft to the Missouri Pacific offices on Locust street, and was astonished when he heard it was worthless. He hardly knew after this how to recover his money, but he went to Mrs. Stein to learn the whereabouts of her husband. Mrs. Stein he found packing her trunks. She told him with mortification, which he pitied, and grief, which overcame his anger, that her husband had treated her shamefully during the week before he left. He had



He applies for a situation.

been drinking. He had pawned her most valuable possessions, including a sealskin sacque, and she had nothing left but a diamond ring, which she intended to pawn for money enough to pay her railroad fare back to Indianapolis and her loving parents, whom she knew would receive their ill-treated daughter with open arms.

No doubt of the purity and truth of Mrs. Stein had ever entered the minds of either Mr. or Mrs. Cunningham, and they believed her and sympathized with her. She went down town to pawn her diamonds, came back, sent her trunk to the depot and followed them at night with a dainty traveling lunch prepared by the host, whose confidence her wretched husband had abused. They do not know yet that they have been tricked. Mr. Cunningham was down town the next day, and was advised to obtain a warrant for the arrest of Stein, but was reluctant to do so on account of the publicity involved.

Stein told a few people before he left Friday that he was going to Memphis. This is one of the cities where he is not known. His record in Leadville is something worse than it is in St. Louis. In Denver it is the same. In Pueblo he was arrested at one time by a variety actor, who charged him with stealing a shirt. In Kansas City he quarreled with George Fredericks about a woman of bad reputation, shot him and killed him, escaping punishment after first being found guilty and given twenty years in the penitentiary. All of this has been printed in Eastern and Western papers, and is an old story, but they will hear of his life in St. Louis with as much interest as his victim here will probably read of the adventures of the reunited couple in another city very soon.

WHEN INDIANS LAUGH.

A Custom That Is Strictly Observed Among the Redskins.

Some Indian schoolboys found their teacher had a very great aversion to frogs. To them it was a continual source of amusement to see her run away from them. One day a boy caught one, and shut it up in



Mrs. Stein.

the table drawer. The teacher entered the room. All were in order, but when she opened the drawer the frog, glad to gain its liberty, leaped upon the table, and the teacher made a great ado. One of the boys, in a gentlemanly way, took up the frog, carried it to the door and threw it out. No sign of enjoyment could be discerned in their faces. They remained through school hours retaining their solemn dignity. Afterward as they told it they laughed until the tears came, laughed over and over again as they remembered the dismay of the teacher. Why did they not laugh at first? They had not yet come into the ways of white men enough to realize that we would excuse rudeness in our pupils, even under these circumstances, and they consider it rude to laugh aloud, or to laugh at the expense of another in the other's presence.

An old woman who owned a poor old pony which was almost dead from starvation and hard work, had brought the pony in and tied him to the fence. He was literally "skin and bones." While I was in the house I heard the woman making a great outcry, and I ran to the door just in time to see an immense flock of crows fly away. I said:

"What is the matter?"

She replied that the crows had come to pick her poor old pony's bones while he still lived. She saw the funny side of it as well as I, and laughed very heartily. When one of the young lady missionaries asked an Indian woman for her "Wakan sica tanka," instead of her "Waksica tanka," no one laughed till the teacher was gone. When I inquired why the dish pan was not given, the reply was she did not ask for the dish pan, she asked for "the great evil spirit" (the devil), and I assure you no Indian woman hears that story without laughing heartily. Another teacher meaning to ask for a tin asked for a young man, and, though to her face they did not laugh, I have seen a whole sewing school convulsed with laughter over the mistake several times since. When one of the ministers

from the East attending one of our meetings went up to a group of Indians who could not speak or understand a word of English and tried to enter into conversation of course there was no response. He said to me as I came up:

"Why do they look so solemn?"

I simply interpreted what he said to the Indians, and all laughed and said: "We did not know what he said; why should we laugh?" It does not seem to occur to those asking the question why they do not laugh that they have but little to laugh at in the presence of white men. They can not understand our ways. Indian children are in the house quiet and orderly; they sit and listen to hear older people talk, and if anything is said that is very amusing, so much so that they feel that they can not control themselves, they put their hands on their mouths and run outside to laugh. Men will laugh gently and quietly, and now and then you may hear an old woman laugh long and loud; if so, some relative will say aside: "Hear how she laughs, like a white man; she is unwomanly." They are a very social people, and around the camp-fire one may hear many legends and fables, hear many old war-songs and nursery rhymes.

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

The usually quiet and peaceful city of Beloit is in a fever of excitement over the attempted robbery and probable murder of one of her best known and most popular residents, Prof. Chas. W. Merriman, Principal of the Beloit High School. About 2 o'clock on the morning of June 23 the professor, who occupies a fine house, was awakened by a heavy band striking him on the chest. He arose and by the dim light discovered the forms of two men, one of whom demanded in a gruff voice that he be informed as to the whereabouts of the professor's clothing, in which, the in-



An unlooked for meeting.

truder said, was several hundred dollars, which the professor had drawn from the bank on Saturday afternoon. This, by the way, was a fact, but Prof. Merriman's only thought at that moment was to hit upon some plan whereby he might detain the men and turn them over to the authorities. He arose and started towards a door leading from the room; but his motive was suspected by the men, who rushed toward the door. At this point a desperate struggle took place, Merriman eventually being overpowered, and, as the two men threw him from them and ran through the door, one turned and fired a revolver at him, the ball lodging in his neck. He was soon exhausted from loss of blood, which was pouring from the wound. He had sufficient presence of mind, however, to hold his hand tightly over the wound until physicians could be summoned.

Grave doubts of the professor's recovery are entertained. His assailants made good their escape, but Prof. Merriman says that he can identify them if they are captured. At a special meeting of the City Council which was called that night a reward was offered from the city treasury for the capture of the murderous robbers. A noted surgeon has arrived from Chicago and taken care of the wounded man.

SAM COLLYER.

[With Portrait.]

We publish a portrait of Walter Jamison, better known in prize ring circles as Sam Collyer, as he appeared when he was one of the boys in blue. Collyer made his mark in the ring as a pugilist, having held the light-weight championship for a number of years, while his record as a soldier while stationed at Fortress Monroe was highly recommended and endorsed by the late lamented General George B. McClellan, under whom Collyer served during the cruel war. Collyer now holds forth at Rockaway, and can boast



In the Hocking Valley.

with pride of his war and prize ring record, which was second to none. Collyer's many battles have time and again appeared in this paper.

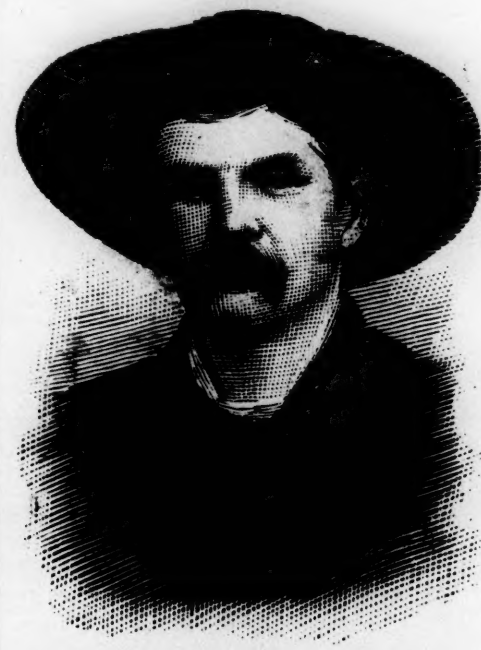
HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

INCOMPARABLE IN RICK HEADACHE.

Dr. FRED HORSFORD, Jr., Salem, Va., says: "To relieve the indigestion and so-called sick headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism, it is incomparable."

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



George W. Holt is well known in the fair State of Oregon as one of the whitest sporting men in the Western country. His "North Star" is the headquarters for all the sports, hunters and trappers in the vicinity of John Day City. Brother Holt makes things lively for his friends with his fighting wild badgers and other game animals of the forest, which he has taught the art of self defense. Mr. Holt is also quite a leading statesman in his section.

John M. Burke.

A capital picture of Major John M. Burke, Buffalo Bill's manager, is that which we publish on another page.

Lillian and Teddy.

On another page this week we publish a capital double portrait of Edward Solomon, the composer, and his wife, more famous as Lillian Russell.

Ed. Smith.

In this issue we publish the portrait of Ed. Smith, the famous boxer, who is gaining such a great reputation in the Northwestern country. He has figured in numerous battles, and in the majority has been successful. He is a middle weight, and always ready to meet all comers who desire to face him in the magic circle.

Rev. Waldo Messaros.

Philadelphia church people are greatly worked up over the very naughty charges made by Mrs. Coulston against her attractive pastor, the Rev. Waldo Messaros, who conducts the Northwestern Independent Church. It's the old story. The clergyman makes a very stiff denial, and his congregation believe him white-souled and stand by him. There will be some splay fun in Quaker City before the scandal blows over. We publish his portrait on another page.

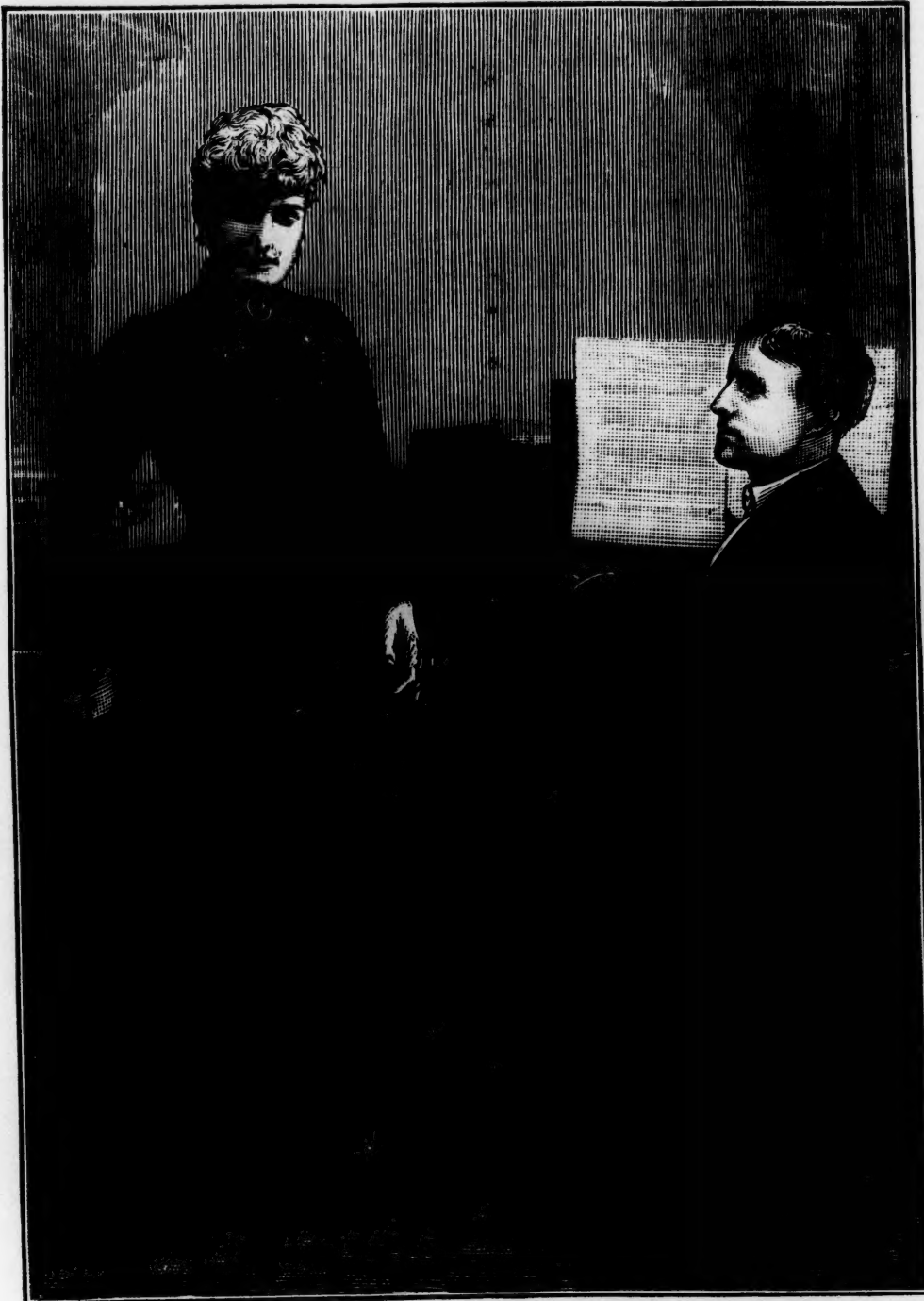
A. Byron Cross.

We present our readers with a portrait of A. Byron Cross, the well-known sporting man, whose jovial face is well known at Brighton Beach's famous race track. For a number of years A. Byron Cross has been identified with racing, and he is interested with Billy Lakeland in a large stable of famous race horses, including Blue Day, Dutch Roller, Tattler, Burkomaster, etc. He is proprietor of the Turf Guide Sporting House, 76 Eighth avenue, near Thirteenth street, which is now the headquarters of racing men. Cross is liberal and has a legion of friends, and is pronounced one of the squarest sporting men on the turf.

Actor E. A. Owens.

The following sensational story comes from Youngstown, O.:

Two months ago E. A. Owens came there and engaged to produce "A Celebrated Case," for the benefit of the Knights of Pythias. Owens is a nephew of the actor John E. Owens, and is himself an actor of no mean ability. He has lately made a specialty of producing "A Celebrated Case" and "Cinderella" for benefits. With him came a lady attractive in face and dress and a blonde, who, Owens said, was his wife. The play was successfully produced, and he was taking the leading parts. As Owens stood high in the order of the Knights, he and his alleged wife were taken into the best society. Several days ago the authorities received a letter from McGregor, Iowa, signed Mrs. E. A. Owens, stating that she had seen a statement that her husband and wife were playing together. She pronounced the woman a fraud, and wanted to know the particulars of Owens' whereabouts. A letter came from the Iowa wife's father, stating that Owens had married his daughter in 1880, and three years ago deserted her and their child. He wrote that he would come on at once if Owens was there. The woman who was passing as Owens' wife is Maud Davidson, formerly a stock actress at Columbus. Owens' friends notified him of his real wife's letter, and he said he and she had lived unhappily together and were divorced. Owens and Davidson at once left the city. Owens is well known in Elmira, N. Y. Under his management a company of amateurs produced "A Celebrated Case," and subsequently "Rosedale" was given. In both cases he got the lion's share of the proceeds and spent the money so rapidly that when he left the city numerous persons had cause to remember him. In Corning and Bath he operated about the same way, ending his career by borrowing money of whoever he could. He was a worshipper of the flowing bowl and imbibed very freely—so freely that at the last performance of "Rosedale" he was barred from the stage. In appearance he was rather a fine looking man, and he evidently realized it for he delighted in having himself photographed in costume. He was fond of female society, and during the high tide of his career there he paid marked attention to a good many young ladies who doubtless little dreamed that he had deserted a wife and family.



LILLIAN AND TEDDY,

OTHERWISE CELEBRATED IN THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION AS MR. AND MRS. SOLOMON.



MAJOR BURKE,

THE GALLANT INDIAN FIGHTER AND NEWSPAPER MAN WHO MANAGES BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

Let Him Alone.

A special to the *Avalanche* from Dyer County, Tennessee, reports the very sad suicide, near Newbern, Tenn., of Miss Owens. Mr. Owens, father of the young lady, had bucked and gagged his son, and otherwise treated him brutally, till he ran away from home. The father went in pursuit, swearing he would bring him back dead or alive. While gone, Miss Owens, who was much distressed, remarked to her mother that she could no longer stand her father's brutal conduct, and would make way

with herself. Soon after she went into the barn, tied one end of a rope round her neck and the other to a rafter, and then climbing into the feed trough swung off.

When her father returned and found the lifeless body of his daughter he became raving mad, and tried so hard to kill himself that the neighbors had to bind him hand and foot. He swears he will yet put an end to his life and misery.

Mr. Owens removed to Dyer from Marshall County, Tenn., two years ago, and is a man of independent fortune, and, heretofore, stood high in the esteem of his neighbors.



SHE HAD 'EM.

MRS. CLARA RICHARDSON OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, CREATES A DRAMATIC EXCITEMENT AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.



HE AXED THEM OUT.

HOW JOHN RANDALL BROKE UP RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN THE METHODIST CHURCH, EAST MANSFIELD, R. I.



A FIGHT IN COURT.

HOW JUDGE NOONAN OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HAD A LAWCASE ENLIVENED BY COUNSEL.



A SAD ACCIDENT.

MISS BELLE SAGER AND TWO COMPANIONS COME TO GRIEF AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.



KILLED AT HIS POST.

THE CRUEL MURDER OF SERGEANT-PREACHER J. P. THATCHER BY EUGENE JOHNSON, AT MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.



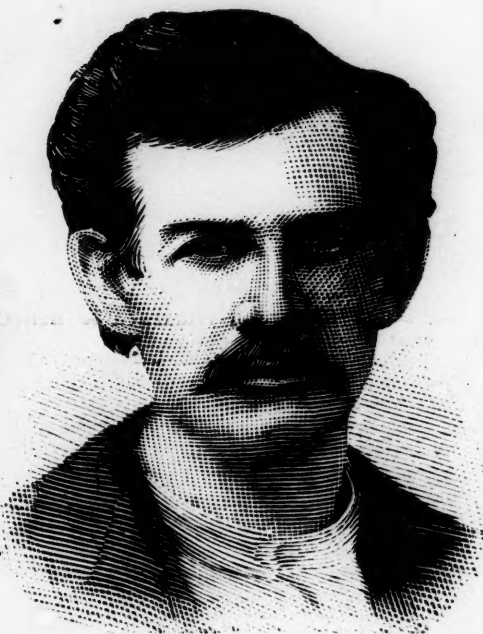
A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

HERBERT JELLOWS AND HENRY OTTO HAVE A DESPERATE MARINE COMBAT AT GLOUCESTER, MASS.



E. A. OWENS,

THE MASHING ACTOR WHO CAUSED SCANDAL AMONG CHURCH SOCIETY, YOUNGSTOWN, O.



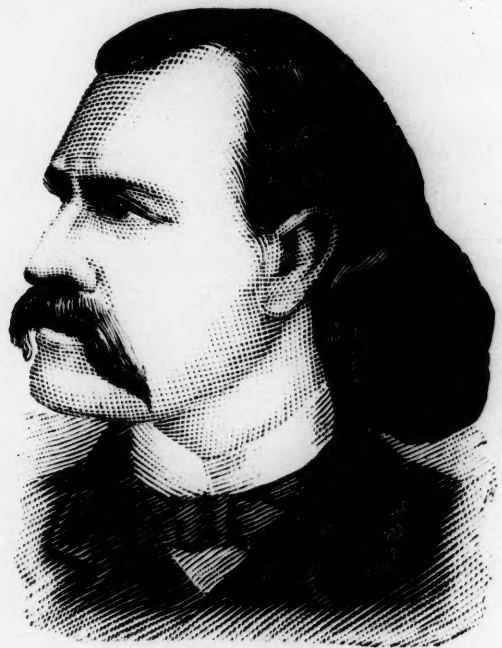
TOMMY BROWN,

A CALIFORNIA "JACK SHEPPARD" WHO HAS ESCAPED FROM STATE PRISON, \$200 REWARD.



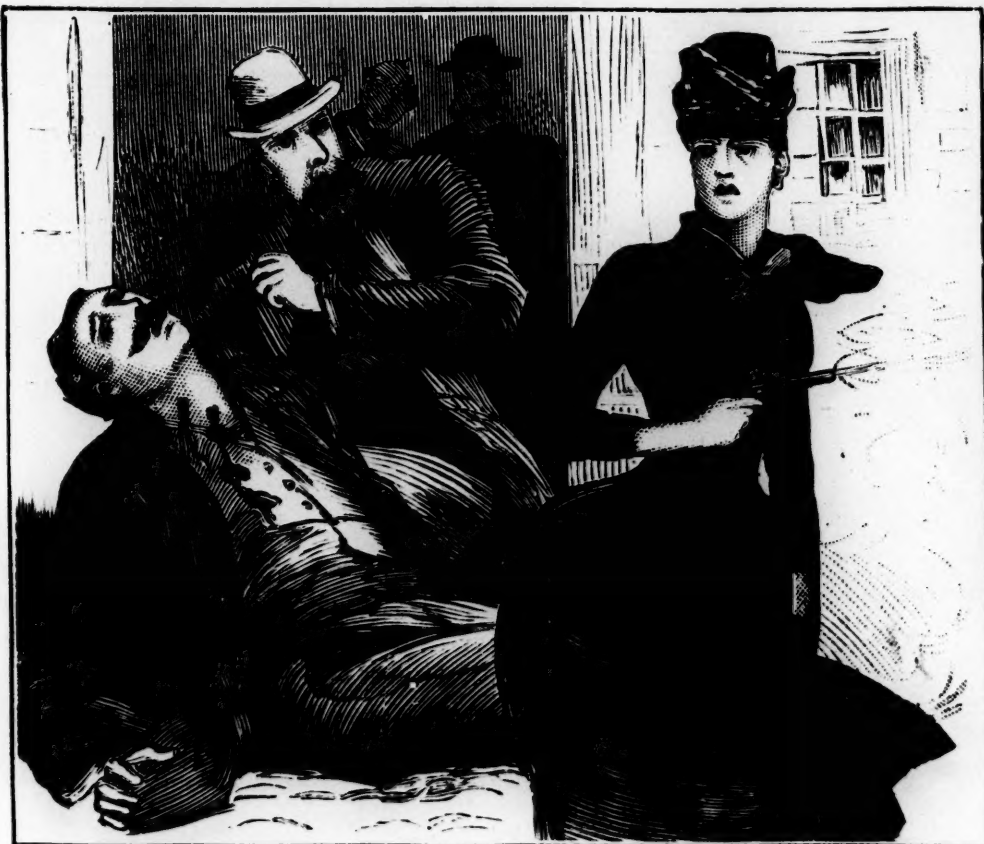
DR. S. A. RICHMOND,

THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERER OF COL. STRONG OF THE ST. JOSEPH, MO., HERALD.



REV. WALDO MESSAROS,

THE ATTRACTIVE PHILADELPHIA PASTOR, ACCUSED BY MRS. COULSTON OF NAUGHTY THINGS.



SHE LAID HIM OUT.

HOW PRETTY MRS. GEORGE LYLES OF DENTON, TEXAS, AVENGED HERSELF ON HER SLANDERER EX-DEPUTY SHERIFF W. B. ROBERTS.



A QUEER PUNISHMENT.

URIAH SHUTON OF MOUNT PLEASANT, TEXAS, IS TAUGHT BY HIS NEIGHBORS THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF HUMANITY.

A CLEAN JOB.

William Farrell's Sanguinary Picnic at Avoca, Iowa.

HE SHOT TO KILL.

John F. Ward, the Actor, Accused of a Cowardly and Criminal Seduction.

At 2 o'clock Sunday morning, June 19, a terrible crime was enacted at Avoca, Iowa, in which two men lost their lives. Saturday night William Farrell had been drinking considerably, and about 10 o'clock he was advised by W. B. Cuffy to return home. This he did, retiring shortly after that hour. He awoke about half past 1 o'clock and became exasperated. He upbraided his wife with whom he had lived over



His head was swollen.

thirty years, and a quarrel ensued, during which he reached for a vessel, striking his wife over the head with it, breaking it, and cutting a severe wound on her forehead and also in her left breast. This seemed to madden him, and he commenced breaking up the furniture. He secured a gun, but this did not alarm Mrs. Farrell, until he attempted to open a bureau drawer in which were a number of cartridges. At this she ran out of the door screaming at the top of her voice. Mrs. Farrell hastened to the residence of William Frantz, and asked that Charles Thies, her son-in-law, be sent for. When he arrived she explained the trouble, and asked that D. Heller, a night officer, be sent for to take her husband in charge. Thies met Heller, and the two men went to Farrell's home to make the arrest. When they arrived at the gate Farrell was standing in the front door and warned the men not to enter. Mr. Thies entered the gate, and at that moment Heller called out, "Look out, Charley, he has got a gun." At this Thies



He smashes things.

started around the side of the house, and as he did so Farrell pulled the trigger and Heller received the charge in the neck and collar bone. A large piece of the bone was broken loose and was driven down through the body, piercing the heart. Immediately after the shooting Thies said to Farrell, "My God, pap, what do you shoot him for," to which the murderer replied, "I told him to keep out of here, and he didn't do it."

A man named Hill, who had accompanied the officers to the house, started on a run for the business portion of the town and gave the alarm. During his absence Thies looked from around the building and asked Farrell if he might go to Heller and take charge of him and Farrell replied "Yes," at the same time emptying the other barrel of the gun in the air. He then set the weapon by the door and passed into the house, Thies going to Heller's side. Arriving there he found Heller dead. Farrell came out of the house, and brought with him a pillow, which he placed under Heller's head. As he did so, he said to Thies:

"I have taken his life, and do not care what becomes of me. I will end my own life by shooting myself."

Thies paid no attention to this remark, and concluded he would return to Frantz's residence and see how badly his mother-in-law was hurt, as he had seen a stream of blood coursing down her face. He had gone but a short distance when he heard another shot. He immediately returned to the spot, and arrived there at the same time as did Mr. Long. The two men then made the discovery that Farrell was dead also. He had gone into the house, reloaded his gun, and, going out in the yard, seated himself at the side of his victim, placed the muzzle of the gun against his forehead and fired. The entire top of his head was blown away. Brains, blood and pieces of the skull were scattered about the yard, on the fences, and one piece of the size of a man's hand was found out in the road, a dis-

tance of fifty feet from where the body lay. Justice Hazen held an inquest Sunday morning, returning a verdict in accordance with the facts as above stated. Heller leaves a wife and six small children in poor



He winds-up with himself.

circumstances. The crime has caused intense excitement.

The Act of a Miscreant.

Dayton, Ohio, is all agog over a sensation that has developed in the past few days. The particulars of the affair are substantially as follows: Last Thursday at midnight a pretty and rather fascinating young lady stepped from one of the trains and inquired if the Kiralfy Brothers' dramatic troupe was in the city.



He gets it in the neck.

When answered in the negative, she asked if John F. Ward, the comedian, was not then acting in Dayton. The party addressed was not aware that Johnny Ward was one of the Soldiers' Home dramatic troupe, and so he could give the lady no satisfaction. From the depot she was taken to the Beckel House, where her question was repeated, resulting in the information that Ward was at the Soldiers' Home. She wanted to go there at once, but was persuaded to take a room and wait until morning. The next day she went to the Soldiers' Home and spent much of the day promenading with the comedian. They were noticed by some of the troupe, who thought they were quite intimate, and naturally wondered who the pretty young woman was. They left the Home grounds together, and Ward was not seen until the next day, when some of the Soldiers' Home officials found him in Dayton under the influence of liquor. He was taken



Finding Heller dead

to the Home and sobered sufficiently to carry through his part in the piece played that night, but immediately after the performance Ward again was among the missing.

His escapade terminated in a scene in the Kellar House, where Mrs. Ward found the strange young lady on Sunday, and this scene resulted in leav-

ing a great, large cat out of the bag. It seems that the young lady is from San Francisco, and that her name is Ellen N. Almsley. She has letters with her to vouch for her respectability, is extremely pretty and intelli-

has now become notorious as the cold-blooded murderer of Col. J. W. Strong, the managing editor of the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, who he cowardly shot in the back, killing him almost instantly. The doctor afterward put a ball in his own brain. He is said to be suffering from insanity. The shooting took place in office of the Herald.

FERDINAND WARD'S CELL.

Ward's cell is the nicest in the prison. It is like all the cells, smotheringly small for a full grown man, and the whitewashed stone walls are not a promising surface for such art decorations as he can command so he deserves all the more credit for what he has accomplished. His bed he has managed to swing up against the wall, so that a ribbon's width more of space is afforded, and it is pretty nearly concealed by a patchwork silk spread, bright in color and pretty in design which has been provided with loops so as to be hung up and draped over the bed. At the head of the bed is a large photograph of his wife and one of his child. Upon the walls are two large photographic views of a residence embowered among trees, each labelled "Grove Place, Rochester; home of S. A. Ward." Then there are a number of cabinet-size views of landscapes, reminders of nature's beauties that for years to come may, for him, exist only in memory and hope.

"GOOD RIDDANCE OF BAD RUBBISH."

A party of young men drove out to Ironville, a suburb at the mouth of the Maumee river, near Toledo, Ohio, on Sunday June 19, for the purpose of causing a disturbance. They spent the evening in a saloon, and got into a fight with the proprietor and his friends. Knives and revolvers were drawn, the



The real wife turns up

lights were overturned, and the ruffians, tumbling over one another in the dark, carried on a fierce struggle, in which young Chevillie fell dead with five holes cut through his body. The murderers fled, and securing a boat put out into the lake. Nothing has been seen of the five men who embarked in it since, and it is thought that their boat was swamped in the storm that followed. The empty boat has been picked up near Put-in-Bay.

MURDERED ON AN EXCURSION.

The Coachmen's Club, an organization of negro drivers, started on an excursion to Beaufort, S. C., on June 28th. While crossing Calabogia Sound, thirty miles from Savannah, Griffin Denagel shot and killed Bob Watts, both mulattos, and originally from Augusta, Ga. In the fight that followed four negroes were badly cut, one, Ben Chipp, being dangerously wounded on the head. There were 20 negro excursionists on board and only half a dozen whites. After the arrest of the murderer some of his friends proposed to release him and take possession of the steamer. A demonstration was made, but was unsuccessful. The boat was turned and brought back to Savannah. A question of jurisdiction is likely to arise, as it is not settled whether the steamer was in Georgia or South Carolina waters at the time of the murder. Denagel and three others



Changing the register.

are under arrest, and a jury of inquest rendered a verdict of wilful murder against Denagel.

A San Francisco letter says: A man from the humble walks of life fell in an epileptic fit during the Elks' benefit. A young and pretty girl went to his relief, raising his head in her arms. She called for water, ordered and kept the crowd away, requested that her physician be sent for and secured his immediate presence. All this is not new or strange, but it was done with such coolness and with such a matchless display of forethought and presence of mind that it challenges my admiration. Susie Williams, the actress, was the heroine of this little act not on the bills.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Glenwood Springs, Col., special to the Denver Republican says. Yesterday Miss Belle Sager and two men were crossing a rope-suspension bridge across the Roaring Fork. One of the posts to which the cable was fastened, pulled out of the ground and the three were thrown into the swift current. The men clung to the ropes, which were washed against the bank and escaped, but the young lady was carried into the Grand River and drowned.

SULLIVAN AND MITCHELL TRAINING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate on our two opening pages of this issue the training of the two great pugilists for their historical encounter, which is to take place at the Polo Grounds in this city on Monday next. The big champion is now down doing hard work in an upper section of this city, and will no doubt be in good condition when "Time" is called. Charley Mitchell is getting into excellent form at Rockaway Beach.

DR. S. A. RICHMOND.

[With Portrait.]

Dr. S. A. Richmond has been known throughout the West in connection with his Samaritan Nervine. He

A GOOD SHOT.

A Worthless Husband Attempts to Murder His Wife and Failing Kills Himself.

THE WOMAN WILL RECOVER.

She Refused to Give Him Money With Which to Keep Himself in Idleness.

The reports of half a dozen pistol shots hurried policemen and citizens to the upper floors of Morgling, Meyer & Co.'s printing house, opposite the City Hall, Baltimore, about half past seven o'clock the morning of June 23. In the rooms above a startling tragedy was being enacted. In the doorway of one room James Oliver Forsythe, aged twenty one years, was found lying dead, and in another room was his young wife, with two bullet wounds in her breast and shoulder. The husband had first shot his wife and then himself. She is badly injured but will probably recover. He was killed instantly. The couple were married three years ago, when he was eighteen and she sixteen. They have one child, a boy, two years old.

The past year their marital relations had been miserable. They finally separated. He led an idle life, while his wife worked in the printing office to support herself and child. Of late Forsythe frequently visited the printing house to see his wife, and she requested the foreman to say she was out whenever her husband called. Suspecting that his wife had told the foreman to say she was out, Forsythe became very indignant at her actions.

Early in the morning Forsythe went down town and, with a companion named Frank Vansant, waited in the vicinity of the printing house for his wife. Thomas P. Long, another acquaintance, came along and asked Forsythe what he was doing there. "I am waiting for my wife," said Forsythe. Soon after the young woman came hurrying along, with her lunch basket on her arm. She did not notice the men. She started up the stairway and Forsythe followed stealthily. Vansant, who was standing near by, remarked to Mr. Long, as the couple disappeared:

"There's going to be the devil to pay up there now."

A minute later were heard the pistol shots. It appears that after going up one flight of stairs Forsythe darted ahead of his wife and fired the first shot at a landing above. His wife turned and ran into the printing room. The first shot had missed.

As she entered the printing room George Sollers, attracted by the firing, rushed toward the door. He stepped aside to allow her to pass. She was screaming "murder." As she flew by him a bullet whistled past his right ear and, before he could reach Forsythe, the latter had fired two more shots after his wife and she had fallen to the floor wounded. Before Sollers could grapple with the desperate man he had pointed the pistol to his breast and sent a bullet through his heart.

The wounded wife was removed to the hospital. Vansant was arrested in the afternoon, charged with being an accessory. It is stated that Vansant said that Forsythe had told him of his intention to shoot his wife. Vansant actually accompanied the murderous husband to a gun shop to buy the pistol.

When Vansant was asked by a reporter what he knew about the affair he said, smilingly:

"I know all about it, but I am promised money from another reporter. If you will give me more I will let you have the information."

Vansant later declared that the difficulty between Forsythe and his wife was pecuniary trouble. Other parties say that the young wife had been frequently importuned by her husband for money and of late she refused to satisfy his demands.

A NOVEL HABEAS-CORPUS CASE.

A very novel and interesting habeas-corpus case was tried in the county court here yesterday before Hon. J. E. Dillard, says a Kaufman, Tex., dispatch of June 13 to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The circumstances connected with the case are as follows: John D. Clapp forged an order from W. F. Lassiter for license to marry Miss Lottie Lassiter, the 13-year-old daughter of Mr. Lassiter. They were married in due form, and were beginning to imagine themselves safe from the clutches of the old gentleman, but to their sorrow he came to town and sued out a writ of habeas corpus for his child, charging that the marriage was a nullity; that his daughter had been kidnapped by John D. Clapp, and that she was being restrained from him by force, fraud and undue influences by the said Clapp and prayed the court to give him control of said minor. The case was called about 2 o'clock, the late father, the would-be husband, and his bride all being present. The respondent pleaded to the jurisdiction of the court, during the discussion of which the bride seemed very much fatigued and fell asleep, her fatigue being due, no doubt, to the many exciting scenes she had passed since her marriage. The plea to the jurisdiction was overruled by the court and the case was tried on its merits. Mr. Lassiter was placed on the stand and substantiated all that was alleged in his petition. The young married couple were each placed on the witness stand, and told how they loved each other and gave all the circumstances of their courtship, how they had managed to "pull the wool over the old man's eyes," and how they had managed to run away and get married.

They also introduced witnesses and proved that the young man has a good character and some property. They also proved that the girl was a well developed woman; that she weighed 174 pounds; that she had an excellent English education; that she knew and fully understood the duties of a housewife, and that she only needed four more months to be fourteen years of age. She stated to the court that her mother was getting old, and in order to be useful to her mother she had gone ahead and taken charge of the household affairs, and looked after them just as if she was mistress of the house. She said she loved her father and

mother tenderly, but that she loved her husband better than any one else on earth, and that she was going to live with him at all hazards. The argument of the case took up about four hours, after which the court entered judgment for Lassiter, and ordered the sheriff to give him possession of his daughter. This caused the bride to weep bitterly, and she clung to her husband and declared that nothing should ever separate them. Every one in the court room was in sympathy with the young people, but the girl's friends advised her to go home with her father and pull the wool over his eyes again, and then she and her husband can get clear out of the old man's reach. The young lady proved herself to be very sprightly and intelligent and it seems hard that after a married life of two days' duration that she has to renounce it all and return to the slow, plodding ways of a school girl's life.

VIC AND A YOUNG PRINCE.

Coachman Schilling's Wife Gets a Crush on the Royal Brazilian.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Victoria Morosini-Schilling is still a member of the comic opera company in which she made her operatic debut last autumn. But she is no longer assigned to important parts. At first she was a valuable curiosity, and the management put her into roles beyond her ability. She is notably pretty, her light voice has been cultivated carefully, and her manner behind the footlights is engaging, but she is not equal to the performance of a conspicuous character adequately. In the current piece she is in the chorus, though a bar or two of solo is given to her, and her name is printed in the cast, so that the audience can readily distinguish her from the half a hundred other young women in scant raiment.

Her ex-coachman husband is still a conductor on the Sixth avenue horse cars, and they keep house in a little flat very quietly. However, Victoria is not slow in getting her share of dude's attention while on the stage, and she has become a mistress of the art of masquerading. The youthful prince, Augusto Leopoldo, of Brazil, who has spent the week in seeing the sights of the town, sat in a box at the theatre, along with a party of swells connected with the Brazilian legation. Victoria was pointed out to him as an interesting exhibit. He had read of her elopement, and his glass was interestedly focused on her at once. He procured a bouquet, and asked an usher to take it to the orchestra leader, to be handed up to her, but was told that an imperative rule of the establishment forbade the passing of tokens across the footlights. Could he send it to her privately? Oh, yes. Or hand it to her in person? Certainly, if he got the opportunity, but he would not be admitted to the green room.

Victoria's duties in the chorus were not arduous, and she had ample time to use her dark Italian eyes on the prince, whose smitten condition was manifest to her. That completed his rapture, and, standing up to take a good aim, he threw the bouquet to her feet. She picked it up and read on the attached card: "Victorious Victoria!"

TOMMY BROWN.

[With Portrait.]

Tommy is a darling California desperado. He was doing a seventeen-year term at the State Prison at Folsom, Cal., when he made his escape on June 15 last. There is a reward of \$200 offered for his capture. At the age of sixteen he shot and killed his brother-in-law in Nevada, and fled to California. Oct. 16, 1874, he was sent to the State Prison from Sutter county, for a term for horse stealing. Nov. 3, 1876, he robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express and the U. S. Mail on stage from Yreka to Redding, in company with Dave Tye and his brother Joe. Nov. 13, 1876, he robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, U. S. Mail and passengers on stage from Downsville to Marysville in company with his brother Joe. In this last robbery they shot and killed a stage horse, and very seriously wounded Mr. Henry Scammon, a banker of Downsville. After this robbery they stole two valuable horses from Col. Wilson, near Chico, and fled to the State of Nevada, where they were arrested, Joe being mortally wounded while resisting arrest. For this robbery he was sent away for a term of ten years. April 12, 1877, he was taken from the State Prison to Marysville to testify against an accessory in the robbery, and April 24 he escaped from Marysville prison, stole the sheriff's riding horse and fled the region. May 29, 1877, he robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express and U. S. Mail on the stage from Yreka to Redding in company with Tom Connors, alias Durant. After this last robbery Tom stole a valuable horse and fled to Oregon, where he was arrested by a special officer of Wells, Fargo & Co. and brought to Shasta, where he pleaded guilty to the stage robbery, and Sept. 22, 1877, was delivered to the warden of the State Prison to serve a term of seven years.

The following is a description of the gallant Tommy: Age, thirty-two years; height, 5 feet 5½ inches; complexion fair, gray eyes, brown hair, long features, large nose, large ears, several moles on right forehead, scar across inside right wrist, two moles on left forearm, one mole on left shoulder blade, slim built, pleasant countenance: is a nice, fluent talker and would not be taken for a thief anywhere; does not gamble, drink liquor or chew tobacco; is a splendid horse-back rider, and would probably steal a horse to facilitate his flight.

DISGRACEFUL COURT SCENE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The usually sleepy and drowsy district court of San Antonio, Texas, presided over by the affable Judge Noonan, was the scene of a disgraceful row the other afternoon, which came near prolonging itself into a riot. Ex-Detective Curley Martin had given his testimony for the State in a burglary case against young Bubel. He was recalled by the defence for the purpose of impeaching his testimony. When the attorney for the prisoner, Mr. Maydale, asked Martin if he had not served a term in the penitentiary and had not been pardoned by the governor, Martin emphatically declared no, saying that he was as good a citizen as any in the State. As he said it he jumped from the witness box and struck Maydale a fearful blow in the face, which fell him sprawling on the floor. Lawyers, sheriffs, spectators and all interfered, and for a while a perfect pandemonium prevailed. After the tumult had subsided a little Maydale was restored to consciousness with ice water. The judge ruled that the witness could not be compelled to testify on that point; that the record would have to be produced in court. Court then adjourned and Martin was committed to jail until next morning for contempt.

KNOCKED SENSELESS.

A Harvard Senior Nearly Killed During a Fight in a Saloon.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One night about ten days ago a party of Harvard students, while in the city of Boston sowing wild oats, met with very severe treatment, which will be likely to restrain their bibulous propensities at least until next year. The party consisted of four or five, and they have kept their own counsel so well that it is impossible to give more than one name. One of them was young Mr. Whitelaw, a resident of St. Louis and a senior, who is noted in the college as a sparrer and general athlete. It was he who acted as leader on the night in question.

The fracas took place in the Miller House, a downstairs saloon on Court street. The presiding genius of this place is one Macavery, a huge, athletic fellow, of a violent temper, and withal well acquainted with the peculiarities of student character. The exact origin of the row is not known. At all events, the students, who were about half full, had not been in the saloon more than a quarter of an hour when one of them, in a rage, struck Macavery over the head with his cane. The blow was so severe that the surgeon who was called later was obliged to take four stitches in the scalp.

The wounded man lost no time in getting his revenge. Billiard cues, chairs, bottles, and everything thing else which came to hand were employed with savage ferocity. Whitelaw was the worst sufferer. During the ten minutes of the fight he lay on the floor insensible from blows on the head, and after the battle was over it was hardly known whether he was dead or alive. It is even said that he did not recover consciousness until the third day.

In the meantime his parents had been telegraphed for and came on, not to see him graduate with honor, but to witness the beginning of recovery which may not be entire, and will at best require many weeks. This fight was ended by the police, but it was found impossible to obtain any reliable evidence as to its origin, and as it appeared, moreover, that Macavery acted in self-defense, all the participants were immediately released from custody.

The corridor in which Whitelaw's room is situated, in Hilton Hall at the college is placarded with a warning to all comers to step lightly on account of a case of serious illness. Whitelaw's condition is said to be still critical.

A MANIA FOR MURDER.

The Curious Delusion Which is Bothering the Doctors on Ward's Island.

The public asylum for the insane on Ward's Island, N. Y., has a case that is curious even among the thousands that are there every year. Dr. McDonald, the chief physician of the institution, has often been an expert in notable insanity trials, but he says that the delusion of John Gray Hazard, now under his charge, is unique.

Hazard was a sailor until his mental malady became acute a few days ago, and the police had to take him into custody. At the time of his arrest he was found in a Bowery saloon, where he had drawn a knife and undertaken to stab his companion at cards. He was frenzied and incoherent; but after a quieting treatment at the hospital he talked coolly, if irrationally, about what he had tried to do. He said that his father was playing cards at Halifax, Nova Scotia, one day about thirty years ago, when he detected his antagonist in a gross cheat. As the stake was considerable, the victim of the fraud was greatly enraged. He sprang upon the swindler and would have slain him with a knife had not others interfered. The assailant was sent to prison, where he died proclaiming his regret that he had not completed the murder.

"My job in this life," says John Gray Hazard, "is to finish the one that father began. I've got to do it." That is his mania. Dr. McDonald has learned his patient never exhibited signs of madness before the incident in the Bowery saloon. That appears to have been the inciting cause. And the scientifically curious point is that the son's outbreak of lunacy began at just the juncture in a game of cards where a fraud being discovered his father had used a knife. The present Hazard was not born until a little more than nine months after the parent's crime and imprisonment. The question whether his delusion is inherited or whether it arose from the mere chance duplication of the father's card adventure, will be discussed at the next meeting of the Medico-Legal Society.

A GENUINE DECOY.

Hank Holbrook, Whose Greenness Enticed Countrymen to a Thieves' Den.

Hank Holbrook has gone to the New York Penitentiary for being a decoy robber. His case is peculiar in that he was really the rustic that he pretended to be when enacting the role of a greenhorn seeing the sights of the town. It has long been a trick of the lowest concert halls and other vicious dens to send out bogus countrymen to make the acquaintance of visitors from out of town, interest them in the curiosities of the city and lure them as pretended companions into places where they can be easily robbed. One of the worst "dives" near Chatham Square is the Bismark Palace, a cellar saloon. The keeper conceived the idea that a genuine ruralist might as well be employed for the purpose, so that the victim could not discover the fraud, and so Hank Holbrook, a rascal fresh from the wilds of Chemung county, was hired.

He was really instructed in his simple duties and for over a month was remarkably successful in performing them. His greenness of manner was no counterfeited and he at once gained the confidence of his casual acquaintances from the country. But the increased number of robberies in the Bismark attracted the attention of the police, and, although a felony could not be proved against Holbrook, he is sent to prison, with others of the gang, for the misdemeanor of disorderly drunkenness.

THESE SEATS RESERVED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two rusty, harmless looking sections of inch pipe extend along the top of the stone steps, just under the doors, of the saloon at the northwest corner of South and Moore streets. A reporter was standing on the opposite corner on Saturday, making an effort to guess the use of the pipes, when four weary sailor men came along and solved the mystery for him. They sat down on the edge of the steps, and, under the soporific influence of the warm sunshine, they began nodding.

A boy in a white apron came to the saloon door and saw them, and his face grew mellow with a broad and blissful smile. He looked back in the saloon and made a motion with his right hand, as if he were turning an invisible valve. A moment later the two lengths of rusty pipe bristled with needle-like streams of water like the business ends of miniature street sprinkling carts. The four sailor men were struck just above the counter. They hoisted sail with hurried simultaneousness and began tacking up South street.

The broad-faced, aproned boy, accompanied by an aproned man, came to the door and smilingly saw the sailor men off. The aproned man was the barkeeper, and he had turned on a valve in the saloon when the boy signaled to him.

SHAKESPEARE AND OPIUM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel were startled the other night by hearing a female voice declaiming *Ophelia's* mad scene in "Hamlet." The wild shrieks arose from Clara Morris and John McCullough. The noise proceeded from an apartment on the second floor occupied by Mrs. Clara Richardson, who arrived from Memphis, Tenn., on last Saturday morning.

When the door, which was locked, was burst open the lady was found in deshabille rushing wildly about the room shrieking scraps from the role of *Ophelia* and now and then screaming the name of John McCullough. It was only too evident that she was raving mad.

So violent was her behavior that it was decided to call an ambulance from the New York Hospital. When it arrived the surgeon pronounced the lady to be suffering from acute dementia, the result of excessive indulgence in opium and liquor. She was with difficulty persuaded to enter the ambulance and was driven to Bellevue Hospital. On the way she woke the echoes of the street with wild screams.

At times she imagined herself to be *Ophelia*, and then would suddenly adopt some other role. Again and again she besought the surgeon to send for John McCullough.

On arriving at the hospital she was placed in the insane pavilion, where she soon became calmer and told the attendant that she was an actress and lived at No. 118 Adams street, Memphis, in which city her husband is employed as cashier in a large mercantile establishment.

At the hotel it was learned that Mrs. Richardson arrived early on last Saturday morning, intending to sail that day for Europe on the *Etruria*. Soon after arriving she went out and did not return till 4 o'clock Sunday morning, when she appeared to be considerably the worse for liquor. She says that she formally belonged to Clara Morris's company.

SHE KILLED HER TRADUCER.

A Texas Woman's Revenge for Alleged Slandorous Boasts.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. G. G. Lyles, wife of a saloon owner of Denton, Texas, a handsome blonde but 22 years of age, created a sensation by shooting ex-Deputy Sheriff W. B. Roberts, killing him instantly. About 3 o'clock the afternoon of June 22nd, Mrs. Lyles deliberately walked up to Ball & Poe's livery stable on the public square, where Roberts was chatting with the town idlers gathered there, and put two balls in his neck and one in his head. Two more shots were fired at him but without effect. They were not needed, as Roberts was already dying. Mrs. Lyles, having got her man coolly turned away and walked off.

Her demeanor was that of a person who had decided to do a thing and having done it was satisfied, but her bloody work was not a mad freak nor the result of sudden anger. She had prepared a statement in writing to the effect that Roberts had lied in boasting of too much intimacy with her, and armed with this and a freshly loaded pistol she sought Roberts the first opportunity she had. She gave him warning by twice requesting him to sign the instrument in writing. She was calm and firm and remarked that he had better do what was safe for him and sign the paper. He refused with the result stated.

The fact that Roberts has a young wife and two children and that Mrs. Lyles has two children throws more startling interest around the shooting. Mrs. Lyles refuses to talk except to say that the traducer of her good name had timely warning to make reparation.

SMILING FORTUNE.

Kansas City Gets Another Big Slice of the Louisiana Lottery Prize.

With the increase in the price of real estate the boom in buildings and the general prosperity of the city taken into consideration, it is no wonder that she should get more than her share of The Louisiana State Lottery drawing this month. The drawing came off yesterday, and ticket No. 13,145 drew the capital prize of \$150,000. There was nothing surprising in the fact that a lady in this city was so fortunate as to have a fifth ticket. Some one here was bound to have part of the ticket, for it has been demonstrated that money cannot get away from Kansas City, this \$30,000 making about \$30,000 drawn by residents of this city since January 1.

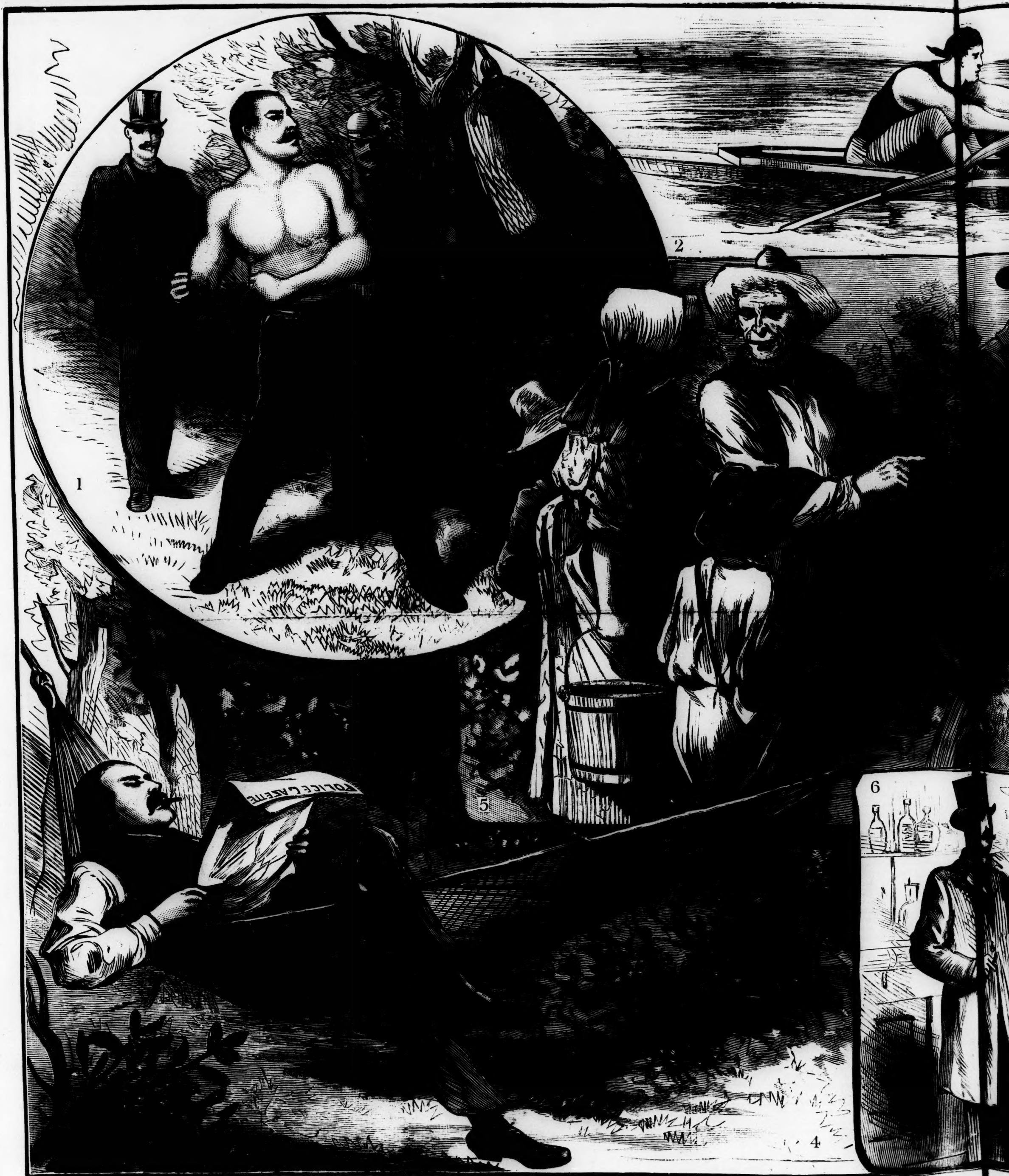
Mrs. Anna M. Cross is the lucky possessor of the slip of paper which by yesterday's turn of the wheel entitles her to \$30,000. She is a widow aged about 35, and she has lived here for about three years. For the past year and a half Mrs. Cross has been employed as bookkeeper, and each month has invested part of her earnings in tickets. This is the first prize she has won and the news of her good fortune almost overpowered her. Together with her daughter she boards at Whitaker's hotel. For the present, at least, Mrs. Cross will continue to keep books, and when she receives the money she has sensibly concluded to invest it in real estate.—*Kansas City Times*, June 16.

THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

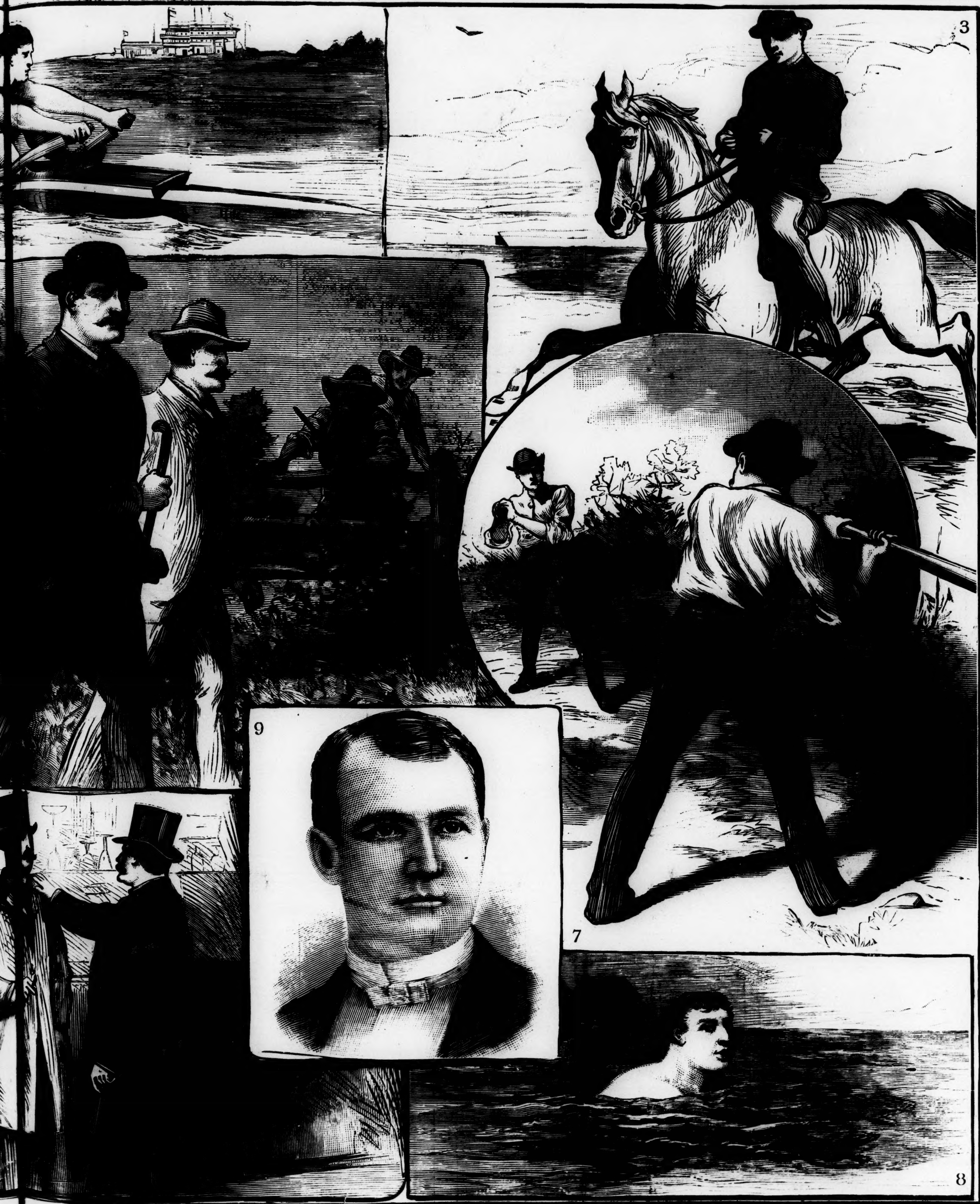
A recent scandal in the New York Yacht Club is illustrated on another page. Mr. Harry Stanwood, the tenor singer, introduced a lady into the drawing room in uncanonical hours and woke the echoes of the club with a song. He was requested to resign and did so.

Charles Pope has been threatened with a law suit by the owners of McCullough's version of "The Gladiator," if he puts that play in his repertoire next season. Mr. Pope claims his version to be that used by Salvini.



SULLIVAN AND
HOW THE GREAT RIVAL PUGILISTS OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND PREPARED THEMSELVES

I.—Sully is Himself Again. II.—Mitchell's Morning Spin. III.—Charley's Horseback Exercise. IV.—The Heavy Hitter Resting. V.—The Champion on the Ropes.



ND MITCHELL.

LYES FOR THE PHENOMENAL INTERNATIONAL MATCH, AT POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK.

on the Road. VI.—Ryan and Sullivan the Best of Friends. VII.—Sullivan at Play. VIII.—The Englishman's Bath. IX.—Portrait of Patrick Sheedy.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Somebody has said that John L. Sullivan has a desire to meet and knock out H. H. H.

Billy Lynn, the well-known boxer, is teaching a large number of gentlemen boxing at Meadville, one mile from Butte City, where he is very popular.

John H. Clark, of Philadelphia, has an "unknown" that fights at 165 pounds, and he wants to match him against any man of like weight for \$500 for four, six or eight rounds, or to a finish, at any time or place.

The "Daily News," New York, June 24, says: "Frank Herald, without any exception, is the most terrific 'upper-cutter' ever seen in the ring. He is the hardest hitter that has appeared in the arena during the past ten years."

John J. Foran, of Birmingham, England, who claims to have recently scored several ring victories in Australia, has arrived in Boston. He declares himself prepared to meet any 158-pound man in America in a glove contest for a purse.

There will be no fight between Tommy Warren and Paddy Welch. Warren's backer, Pat Sheedy, giving up his \$50 forfeit. By the forfeiture Warren loses his title of feather-weight champion of the United States, which goes to Welch.

Herald is the new star in the pugilistic firmament, because he put one giant to sleep with a right-hand upper-cut in 23 seconds on the 21st of May, and on the 21st of June he sent another gigantic pugilist into a state of insensibility in 1 minute 25 seconds.

A short but desperate glove fight took place at Fresno, Cal., on June 13, between Billy Martell, of San Francisco, and Billy Patterson of Visalia. Two rounds were fought, in which Martell had a great deal of the best of it, but he hit Patterson foul and lost the fight.

Mike Conley, the Irish giant, has many friends, who know what he can do with ordinary heavy-weight boxers. Therefore they are not discouraged because he was defeated by the wonder, Frank Herald, who has thrashed all others of greater repute than Conley just as easily.

Articles for another match between Burke and Nolan have just been signed. The fight will take place July 5, at Chester Park, Pa., under the auspices of the Chester Park Athletic Club. The terms are the same as before—6 rounds, with 60 per cent. to the winner and 40 to the loser, of the gate receipts.

John P. Clow and Jim Fell are to engage in a glove contest according to Queensberry rules, at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on July 10. If both men mean business the affair will be worth looking at. Clow has quite a reputation as a boxer and quite a flattering record. He won the "Police Gazette" champion medal, at Colorado, after engaging in several hard fought battles.

Jim Fell and Clow of Colorado fought twelve rounds in Muskegon, Mich., on June 23. Fell weighed 161 pounds and had the best of it at first, but Clow (162 pounds) soon outfigured him and had much the best of it at the finish. The referee decided it a draw, though, on the ground that they were so exhausted by their efforts to separate the men from clinches that they couldn't go on. The referee wasn't in training.

Charley Gallagher, the giant young pugilist of Cleveland, knocked out Tom Allen in 1 round at St. Louis, when they were battling for \$2,000 and the championship. It was by a different blow that Herald knocked Conley out. Gallagher won the \$2,000 and exhausted many a man's pocketbook by putting Allen to sleep by a right-hand half-cross-counter. Herald upper-cut Conley, which makes the performance all the more startling.

At Streator, Ill., it was reported that Paddy Welch, of Chicago, and Arthur Magrey, fought to a finish, in Chicago, on June 25, and that Magrey was knocked out in the second round. This is denied. Welch and Hansett fought, but not Magrey, and Welch was victorious. After winning this battle he challenged Myer, of Streator, Ill., to fight for anything less than \$1,000, and the other day Myer covered a \$100 forfeit to fight him for \$500.

Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, Ill., who recently made a draw fight with Charley Mitchell in Minneapolis, and Billy Wilson, the colored pugilist, came together in a 7-round glove contest at St. Paul, Minn., on June 25. In July last they fought to a finish, Cardiff winning in the ninth round. To-night Cardiff had the advantage both in height and weight. His weight was 185 pounds and Wilson's 175. Cardiff had the best of the fight from the start and clearly won it on his merits. He clinched but once or twice, and got in all his effective blows in open fighting. He left the ring without a scratch, while Wilson's face had been well pummeled.

The New York "Telegram," June 24, says:—"Do you want to know why McCaffrey, Burke and the others of that class are so anxious to box in public with John L. Sullivan?" said a well-known backer to-day. "I will tell you. John cannot get at any man that hugs him, so they stay the time and get their slice of the gate money. Nice thing! Eh? About Mitchell! Well, Mitchell thinks he will catch Sullivan out of condition, or not in 'prime fix,' and bother if not beat him. As far as Herald is concerned, it stands thus: If Herald hits John he'll bring him down, and if John hits Herald he'll bring him down. I think, however, that Herald is the harder hitter."

Mike Coburn, brother to Joe Coburn, the ex-champion light-weight pugilist, called at the Police Gazette office June 24, accompanied by William Squires, of Glasgow, E. F. Mallahan, Wm. Madden, Charley Norton and a number of sporting men, to arrange a match with Frank White to fight according to London prize ring or Queensberry rules, with gloves, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Coburn was provided with Wm. Bennett's check and ready to put up a deposit and arrange a match. Neither Frank White or his backers appeared and Coburn said, "White accused me of making a bluff, but I mean business, and to prove it I will fight White any number of rounds for \$500 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. If White and his backers mean business and they are not bluffing, they will cover my money." Coburn left \$100 forfeit to back up that he means business. If White or his backers mean business they will cover Coburn's money.

At Waynesboro, Va., on June 23, Millie Hoy and Bill Thompson, a light weight amateur, fought 12 rounds. Queensberry rules, for gate receipts. In the first round no damage was done. The second round consisted of hard slugging and no science. Thompson retiring to his corner with a swollen up and bleeding nose. The third and fourth rounds resulted in some bloody work on each side. In the fifth round Thompson got his foot through Hoy's dress and had to grapple to keep on his feet, receiving a sledge-hammer blow as they were pulled apart by their seconds. It was now evident that Thompson would go under before their number were completed. In the sixth round Thompson got Millie by the hair, which made the female Hercules scream, but she succeeded in getting in some good work on Thompson's face with her finger nails. In the seventh round Thompson staggered to the center to receive a right-hand which felled him like an ox. Here the referee declared Hoy the winner. The champions, John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey, will have to steer clear of this place if they want to keep their champion belts.

John L. Sullivan arrived in New York on June 26 looking in first-class condition, weighing 215 pounds. Sullivan denied the stories told of his drinking, and claims he has been industriously training in Boston for his contest of eight rounds with Charley Mitchell, at the Polo Grounds, on July 5. "You can see," said Sullivan, "that I look thinner than when I left here. There is a certain reporter on a Boston paper who will go any length to try and do me. I had trouble a year ago with a gambler, and he tried to use a gun on me. He met me in a saloon a few days ago and tried to come the same game on my friend Jim McKeon. I got my hands on him before he could use his pistol. I don't know anything about their being any warrant out for me, but I do know there ought to be one out for Mehan, and if one of my friends did as I told him to before I came away Mehan is in it for now. Sullivan would not drink anything but salted wine, although wine was flowing all about him. He is looking in better condition than when he was here and says he shall endeavor not to disappoint his friends on July 5. The champion was neatly dressed and in first rate temper with everybody.

At the Driving Park, Elmira, N. Y., on June 25, the glove contest between M. C. Conley (who fought Jack Ashton and Frank Herald) and Harry Umlah, according to Queensberry rules, was a curious affair. The men fought according to no rules, but it was go-as-you-please up and down. Conley, who outweighs Umlah by many pounds, jumped on his slight, but wiry and scientific opponent, with a cowardly force, and it was a rough-and-tumble fight. Conley has no science, but is powerfully built. Umlah evidently went into the ring on the false supposition that he was to have fair play, but Conley got him down and battered him terribly. The crowd yelled, "Shoot the brute!" "Take off the dog!" "Kill the loafer!" But Umlah pluckily concluded to try again. Conley again jumped on him and bore him to the ground, and after the referee called a stop, as Umlah was getting up Conley, who was maddened because he had been nearly strangled twice in the side of the face in the beginning of the mill, gave Umlah a blow from behind that felled him to the ground and stunned him so that he could not respond when time was called. Umlah remained on the ground senseless for some time, and all the spectators thought he was dead when he fell. Jack Murphy was referee.

The glove contest between Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia, and John Hughes, better known as the Dangerous Blacksmith, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., was decided at Troy, N. Y., on June 28. Hughes was the larger of the men, weighing about 175 pounds, while his antagonist, although looking very much lighter, weighed only eight pounds less. Hugh Reilly, of Albany, was chosen referee. Fogarty was looked after by Gus Tutthill and Johnny Files, while Hughes was championed by James Lynch and "Hartford" Dave. At the call of time the "Blacksmith" at once began to force matters, making several wicked right-hand plunges, all of which were beautifully stopped by Fogarty. While recovering from a rally Fogarty caught Hughes on the neck with his right. Hughes left with his left, but was short and Fogarty countered heavily on the nose, turning on an almost imperceptible quantity of blood. Hughes retaliated by a hot left-hand on the neck, and just as the men were beginning to get warmed up to their work the three minutes expired.

In the second round Hughes was blowing hard, although showing no signs of punishment, while Fogarty was perfectly fresh. Hughes again began his rushing, but was neatly avoided each time by Fogarty, who administered some very heavy body blows occasionally. Tutthill called to Fogarty to "go in and finish him," and then Fogarty began to force the fighting and succeeded in knocking Hughes down by a hard rap with the right on the jugular. Hughes got up at the call of time, only to be fought down again at the ropes. Twice more did Hughes come to the scratch when an awful left-hand put him to sleep. The referee then declared Fogarty the winner of the battle, and it is supposed about \$500 besides.

Jack Burgess, the stalwart and muscular boxer of Brooklyn, who recently defeated George LeBlanche, the Marine, at Boston, called at the Police Gazette office on June 26 with Ike Duffy of Brooklyn, his backer, posted \$100 forfeit and issued the following:

DEAR SIR:—Having heard that Mr. Madden, the backer of Jack Ashton, is ready to match the latter to fight eight or ten rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 or \$500 a side, allow me to state through your widely circulated sporting paper that I will arrange a match with Billy Madden's champion on fair and equal terms, and I will meet him at the Police Gazette office with my backer, Mr. Isaac Duffy, on Wednesday, June 29, at 3 P. M., to arrange a match. If Madden fails to be on hand I will stand ready to arrange a match to fight any of the following boxers according to London prize ring rules for \$1,000 a side, viz.: Wm. Bradburn and Frank Glover of Chicago, Patsy Cardiff of Cleveland, O., Jim Fell of Rich Hill, Mo., Jack Fogarty of New York, or any 160-pound man in America. To prove I mean business I have deposited a forfeit of \$100 with Richard K. Fox, which I trust one of these many boxers will cover. First come first served. Yours,

Jack Burgess is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs, trained, 160 pounds. He has defeated Jim Ward, Charley Norton of New London, Jack Denny of Hunters Point, Tom Keenan of Bradford, Pa., Jim Donnelly of Paterson, N. J., George LeBlanche of Boston, Jim Biglen of Syracuse, N. Y. Burgess has never been defeated, and he is confident he can defeat any of the above pugilists.

In regard to Frank Herald, the New York "Telegram," June 22, says:—"Frank Herald has licked every man he ever fought bar one, Denny Kelleher, and him Herald could never induce to face him again. He beat Sparrow Golden in a gallop. He knocked Goebig, who thrashed Springfield and others, senseless. He bested Jack Burke easily; he beat Pat Kilian and Radburn; he knocked Cannon, the terror of Carbondale, out with his left hand in 8 seconds; he stopped all the fighters in that town of pugilism—Philadelphia—and Frank Glover, Kilian, Grimesey and others came to the ring side matched to fight when he was the Unknown; but they backed down the moment they recognized him. Dominick McCaffrey could not be induced to box him in public or private. Jack Burke broke his engagement to meet him in public. He telegraphed Mitchell's managers asking them to let him take Sullivan's place out West when the Boston boy would not fight in Milwaukee. But Mitchell was too busy and his management had other employment for him. Mike Cleary begged to be excused when he heard that Herald wanted to meet him at the Theatre Comique the week that Mike was there against all comers, and now Herald will fight any of them ten rounds for all the gate receipts, or any part of them, or to a finish, for any sum within his means. Of course he has not a great deal of money, because the 'pugs' who are in the business will not give him an opportunity to win any from them. But they can make any kind of a match, wherein the best man shall win, if they really mean business. Conley was in a worse condition last night after his two minutes and nine seconds conflict with Herald than the Marine was after his great fight with Jack Dempsey. The hundred men or more who saw him in the dressing-room half an hour after the battle saw a disfigured, battered and dazed giant, who looked as if he had been kicked in the face by a mule. Herald had not 'turned a hair.' The friends of the Boston boy go into raptures and tell you that it is useless for Herald or anybody else to face him. Let us see. Calmly considered, Sullivan's achievements in the ring are not equal to Herald's. Why? Well, first and foremost, awkward John Flood was not so badly punished by John L. as any man Herald has thrashed. Paddy Ryan was whipped. Score one good one for John L. But the rest! Here is the record, which can be attested by ten thousand men. Tag Wilson he could not even hit, although he was allowed to stand over him when he fell, in defiance of all of the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. Mitchell, who will not accept a challenge from Herald, knocked him down, and what is more, avoided punishment so well in three long rounds, even though he was not allowed a chair to sit on, a towel to wipe his face, a drink of water or a man to adjust his gloves, that he was able to dress himself jauntily and leave the Garden in good shape twenty minutes after the fight without a scratch and with a carpetbag full of money, while Sullivan remained behind unable to dress because he was so sick at his stomach. He was out of condition, you say! All right! He was not out of condition when he fought the Maori, who was never better or so strong as Conley, Goebig or Cannon; was never heard of before he brought him here and has never been heard of since. What then? Sullivan, as his friends say, was in the pink of condition, 'fit to fight for his life.' He hit the Maori with all his might and knocked him through the ropes, off the stage and on his face and hands to the floor. Yet the Maori got up, walked around, climbed up on the stage, and was facing Sullivan within the prescribed time. Sullivan hit him again, and yet again, and the Maori fell at the close of the third round. Nevertheless he did not lie helpless; he got on his feet alone and unaided, groggy, it is true, but still unaided and unassisted. And all this after Sullivan, in the best 'form' he ever was seen in here, had been pounding him with his 'mighty fists,' so called. Every body knows how McCaffrey, by hugging him and keeping close to him, fooled him, how Jim Ladin humbugged him so as to escape being knocked out, how Burke did the same in a six-round contest; how Robinson, the Californian amateur, did the same in 'Prisco' and obtained his share of the gate money; how everybody, in fact, has done so, and how Sullivan has never knocked any man senseless nor has clearly whipped any one, except Ryan and Flood, of any account in this world. This is his record. No man can deny it. Match it with Herald's and you will come to the conclusion that the Philadelphia boy has licked more men and backed more men down than any other man in the country so far as record and actual fighting—not hypodroming—is concerned. It will not do to say he has not a record. It is before the sporting world, and he will never be out of it or back down when he can get Mitchell to make a match with him, as Sullivan did before so many thousands in the Madison Square Garden that summer's night two years ago. Herald (think he can fight Sullivan. He is willing to try! He is sure that he can lick any of the rest. He is anxious to try. Are they?"

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Dr. John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

E. F. Mallahan is the only person authorized to back Frank Herald, and any one eager to match a man, no matter who he may be, can address Mallahan at this office.

At New London, Conn., on June 25, the boat race between Yale and the University of Pennsylvania was won by the Yales. Yale's time was 23:33; Pennsylvania's time, 24:46.

Gaudaur and Hamm have entered a formal claim for the double-scutt championship of the world, Hannan and Lee having failed to respond to the challenges issued by the St. Louis men.

A purse of \$500 is offered at White Bear Lake, Minn., for Teemer, Gaudaur, Courtney and Lee to contest for on July 2. The regatta at Winnipeg, where Gaudaur and Teemer compete, is for \$1,000.

At Toledo, O., on June 26, Harry Wilkes attempted to beat Barus' time of 2:16. He made the mile in 2:17 without a break. The track was not in first-class condition and in view of this fact it is considered a great performance.

At Cincinnati on June 28, the catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$200 a side between Edwin Bibby and James Faulkner, was won by the former. The first bout lasted 77 minutes and ended in favor of Bibby. Faulkner won the second bout in 23 minutes. In the third and final bout Bibby came out victorious in a 12-minute struggle.

At the Opera House, Nyack, N. Y., on June 28, Joe Ellingsworth was tendered a benefit. The evening's sport closed with three well-fought rounds between Charlie Ellingsworth and Jake Hines, the latter the pride of Rockland County sporting men. Hines battled well, but was soon groggy. Joe Ellingsworth, looking his best, and the wiry Robert Wall, New England's champion, boxed three rounds amid tumultuous applause. Wall made some wonderful parries.

At Coney Island Jockey Club races, on June 20, Dwyer Brothers' two-year-old black colt Tremont, by Virgil, with 115 pounds up, won the Great Post stakes, three-quarters of a mile, beating W. M. Conover's filly Julia, 112 pounds. Red Prince, 115 pounds, and Electricity, 115 pounds. The race was run in 1:19 1/4, the slowest time that the stake has yet been won, Duchess winning it in 1:53 in 1877, Florio in 1:54 in 1878, and Portland last year in 1:17 1/4, the track on each occasion being in good condition. It is the ninth stake Tremont has won, and brings his earnings up to \$20,000 already.

The Sixth annual picnic and games of the Printers' Benevolent Association, at Washington Park, sixty-ninth street and Avenue A, Saturday, Aug. 7, 1898. Games to commence at 4 P. M. The following events, open to all amateurs, will take place. Half-mile run, 220 yards race, 1-mile walk, 100-yard race, 220-yard hurdle race, 2-mile race, boys' race, under fifteen years of age. The following are for members of Typographical Union No. 6 only: 220-yard race, 1-mile run, tug-of-war, teams of four. The following are for members of Pressmen and Feeders' Union only: Half-mile run. Valuable prizes will be given to first and second in each event. The above are all handicaps, and will be governed by the rules of the N. A. A. Entrance fee to each event 50 cents, except boys' race, which is 25 cents. Entries close July 31, with John J. Brady, Iron Age office, 7 and 9 Elm Street, New York.

On the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, on June 26, the annual regatta of the Schuylkill navy was held and the river banks were crowded with spectators. The University of Pennsylvania crew, who were defeated by Yale at New London, were entered for the eight-oared shell race, and were present, but declined to take part in the race. The prizes for the races were a banner and champion flag to every winning crew and a gold badge to every individual member of the victorious crews. The water was lumpy and the wind "dead ahead." The races were rowed over the National course, from Falls Bridge to Rockland, a distance of 1 1/4 miles. The winners:

Junior singles, Frank B. Baltz, of the Pennsylvania Club; time, 11 minutes 28 1/2 seconds.

Senior singles, Downing, of the Malta Club; time, 11 minutes 57 1/2 seconds.

The Iona Junior four-oared gig won a creditable race with the Uddine and Malta Juniors in 10 minutes 1 1/2 seconds; Uddine second.

Double sculls, Malta crew; time, 10 minutes 32 1/2 seconds.

Senior four-oared shell race, Uddine Club in 9 minutes 1 1/2 seconds.

Senior gig race, Iona in 9 minutes 21 seconds.

Uddine won the pair-oared shell race, beating the West Philadelphia Club, the only competitor; time, 10 minutes 13 seconds.

Eight-oared shell race between the Vesper and Malta clubs; Malta in 8 minutes 11 1/2 seconds.

At Lake St. Joseph, Quebec, on June 25, Edward Hannan, of Toronto, defeated George H. Hosmer, of Boston, on a three-mile course, by half a boat's length. The water of the lake was smooth, scarcely a ripple disturbing its surface, but rain fell heavily. The men got off well together at the first attempt, both looking remarkably well. Hannan wore dark blue, with yellow cap, and Hosmer had white and blue stripes. A somewhat heavy drizzling rain fell throughout the race. Hannan got off with 36 strokes to the minute. Hosmer pulling 36 1/2. This speed was not much increased, the average stroke of both men being about 34. The half-way buoy was rounded in 9 minutes 20 seconds from the start. Hosmer slightly leading. On the homestretch Hannan put forth his strength and passed his opponent, leading him at one time by over two boat lengths. Toward the finish the Canadian perceptibly slowed up, keeping a lead of a boat's length only, which Hosmer cut down to half that distance by a spurt on approaching the stake-boat. The official time was 20 minutes 18 seconds. Hosmer expressed himself as satisfied with all the arrangements for the race, and remarked to Hannan that if the weather had been fine and dry he believed that they would both have broken the previous record. As it was, the rain which lodged upon the upper surface of the shells added considerably to their weight. Both men expressed their entire satisfaction with the course. There was comparatively little betting upon the race, and no odds could be had. Hannan's friends seemed to have but little confidence in the result, owing probably to the recent indisposition of the Toronto oarsman; in fact, Hosmer's success would have surprised nobody. The prizes, consisting of \$1,000 to the first man and \$500 to the second, were presented by the Mayor of the city in the Quebec Roller Skating Rink at a reception tendered the contestants by the citizens of Quebec. Upward of three thousand people were present.

On June 26, the race between Teemer, Gaudaur, Hamm and Stone at White Bear Lake, St. Paul, Minn., was one of the most successful events in the aquatic history of the Northwest, and it will be certain to give a fresh and healthy impetus to boating in future. The race was announced to take place directly after the arrival of the 5:15 train from St. Paul, but it was a quarter past seven o'clock before everything was ready for the start. The course was three miles, with turn. While preparations were being made some betting took place, Teemer's friends generally giving slight odds. Gaudaur was strongly backed, however, while Hamm was only looked upon as good for third money. Stone's friends, however, considered that he had an even chance to beat Hamm. The colors were: Gaudaur, red; Hamm, white; Teemer, blue; and H. W. Stone (a local oarsman), black; the men taking positions in the order named. The officials of the race were: J. J. Parker of the Minnesota, referee; F. A. Seymour, judge for Gaudaur; S. D. Rudolph of the Minnesota for Teemer; W. Holcomb of the St. Pauls for Hamm, and M. D. Munn of the St. Pauls for Stone. The purse was \$500: \$100 to the winner, \$150 to second and \$50 to third. The referee, judges and a limited number of spectators followed the rowers around the course on the steamer Dispatch. When Referee Parker gave the word to go Teemer went away first, getting a good start, rowing thirty-two to the minute. Before many rods had been covered, however, Gaudaur overhauled him and went to the front with a thirty-six stroke. After the men had

settled down to their work the positions were: Gaudaur, Teemer, Hamm and Stone, and there was no change during the entire race. The men rowed easily down to the turn. Gaudaur went around with ease in 9 minutes 58 seconds, Teemer followed in 10 minutes 8 seconds, Hamm in 10 minutes 19 seconds, and Stone, who was gradually dropping behind, in 11 minutes 19 seconds. On the return Gaudaur and Teemer rowed steadily, without apparent advantage to either, until half the course was covered. When about half way home Gaudaur stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief, seemingly confident of victory. Teemer gained slightly, but Gaudaur pulled away from him again. Within a quarter of a mile of home Teemer spurred and gained rapidly, and the most intense excitement prevailed, the crowd thinking that Gaudaur was winning, but the latter quickened his pace and pulled away, crossing the line fully six lengths ahead of Teemer. He was not pushed at any time and won without apparent effort. Gaudaur's time for the 3 miles was 19 minutes 54 seconds, which beats the previous record—20 minutes, 3 seconds—made by Teemer at New Orleans. The course was carefully surveyed and measured by competent engineers, who will make all claim to its correctness, and this will consequently go on record. Teemer's time was 20:07, Hamm's, 20:35, and Stone's, 21:10. The average stroke of Gaudaur and Teemer was twenty-eight to the minute. Teemer claimed a foul, alleging that Gaudaur turned Hamm's stake, but the referee disallowed it.

At the annual meeting of the National Association of Amateur Athletes, held on the grounds of the Athletic Club at Staten Island, N. Y., on June 26, West New Brighton, the winners were:

One-hundred-yard dash—M. W. Ford, Brooklyn Athletic Association, 10 2/5 seconds.

One-mile walk—E. D. Lang, Manhattan Athletic Club, 6 minutes 45 1/5 seconds.

One-mile run—E. C. Carter, New York A. C., time 4 minutes 33 2/5 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty-yard run—W. Forl, Brooklyn A. A., time 23 1/5 seconds.

Five mile bicycle race—A. B. Rich, Staten Island A. C., time 13 minutes 24 4/5 seconds; second, G. D. Gideon, Germantown Club.

Half-mile run—C. M. Smith, New York A. C., time 2 minutes 4 seconds; second, J. M. Moffat, Montreal A. M. A.

Three-mile walk—E. P. Murray, Nassau A. C., time 23 minutes 15 2/5 seconds.

Four hundred and forty yards run—J. S. Robertson, Montreal A. A., time 52 seconds.

One hundred and twenty yards hurdle race—A. A. Jordan, Manhattan Athletic Club, time 1 3/4 seconds; second, H. S. Young, American Athletic Club.

Five-mile run—E. C. Carter, New York Athletic Club, time 28 minutes 4 seconds; second, P. D. Stillman, Manhattan.

The field games resulted as follows:

Putting the shot—F. L. Landbrecht, 42 feet 1 1/4 inch.

Pole vault—H. H. Baxter, 10 feet 1 1/4 inch.

Throwing the hammer—W. L. Condon, Baltimore A. C., 95 feet 3 inches.

Running high jump—William Byrd Page, University of Pennsylvania, 5 feet 9 inches.

Throwing 56-pound weight—C. A. J. Queckbarn, New York Athletic Club, 25 feet 1 inch.

Running broad jump—W. Ford, Brooklyn Athletic Club, 22 feet 3/4 inch.

The American Derby was run at Chicago Jockey Club meeting on June 26. The race is a sweepstakes for 3-year-olds at \$200 each, \$50 forfeit, \$20 only if declared by Feb. 1, 1898, or \$200 if by April 1, 1898, with \$5,000 added, the second to receive \$750 and third \$250 out of the stakes; winners of any 3-year-old stake of the value of \$1,500 to carry 3 pounds; of three or more such stakes of any value, 5 pounds extra; maidens allowed 7 pounds; 68 subscribers, of which 9 paid \$20 and 7 paid \$30; male and a half. The race was won by E. J. Baldwin's b. c. Silver Cloud, by Grinstead, with 121 pounds up, and Murphy the colored jockey rode the winner. Barnes & Co.'s b. c. Blue Wing, by Billet, was second, and Sir Joseph Phoebe, Poods-Haggins pair, \$250; Blue Wing \$230; Ed Corrigan, \$130; the field, \$75. Post odds, 10 to 1 against Silver Cloud, 3 to 1 for a place, and 2 to 1 on Blue Wing for a place. Mutuels paid \$102.20 for \$5. Precious led by half a length from the start for fully half a mile, and forcing the pace for all she was able to do, after which The Bourbon went to the front, followed by Precious and Ben Ali, both of which showed in front when well into the backstretch, where they were joined by Blue Wing and Sir Joseph. The four continued together until they reached the lower turn, when Murphy went to the front with Silver Cloud, leaving the others as if they were standing still. The race from that instant was virtually over, and amid the greatest excitement Silver Cloud came up the stretch a winner by four lengths, followed by Blue Wing, who was ridden out with the greatest determination a length in front of Sir Joseph. Time 2:37 3/4.

The following is the summary:

E. J. Baldwin's b. c. Silver Cloud, by Grinstead, dam Experiment, 121	1
Melbourne Stable's b. c. Blue Wing, by Billet, dam Mudane, 121	2
J. & S. Joseph's b. c. Sir Joseph, by Grinstead, dam Susan, 118	3
R. P. Ashe's b. c. Joe Hooker, 118	4
C. Bell's b. c. The Duke, 111	5
E. J. Baldwin's b. c. Lijero, 118	6
W. Cottrill's b. c. Lewis Clark, 111	7
J. B. Haggins's b. c. Ben Ali, 123	8
B. Haggins's b. c. Precious, 113	9
Melbourne Stable's b. c. The Bourbon, 121	10

Time—2:37 3/4. Winner trained by J. W. McClelland.

The great college boat race between Harvard and Columbia college crews, was rowed on the Thames at New London, Conn., on July 26. The distance was 4 miles. At the start Harvard hit up a stroke of forty-two to the minute, and seemed to start off at a pace that was sure to win if the men could hold out. But that was impossible. Nothing short of steam power could drive the crimson blades through the water with the force in the stroke which Harvard expected to during a 4-mile race. When the finish was reached Harvard was far in the rear, eight boat lengths at least behind the Columbia shell. The time of the race was: Columbia, 21 minutes 38 seconds; Harvard, 22 minutes, 3 seconds. There is a discrepancy between the official time and that kept on the telegraph stands. The official time is: Columbia, 21 minutes 38 seconds; and Harvard 22 minutes 3 seconds. The unofficial time is: Columbia, 22 minutes 30 seconds, and Harvard, 22 minutes, 1 1/2 seconds. The former is the accepted time, but the latter would seem to be correct. After the race the Columbia crew appeared fresh, but several of the Harvards were completely "pumped." They were beaten fairly and squarely, but did not muster the strength to give Columbia the usual cheers. Columbia rowed on the west course and Harvard had the east or "eel-grass" course, so called by the defeated Yale crew a few days ago. The Harvards scouted such an idea then, and can only admit that they were outrowed by Columbia. The New Yorkers have won both their races this season, and the indications are that Yale will do the same. When the latter raced with the Pennsylvanians at New London on June 25, it was plainly evident that Yale had never sent a better crew here save, perhaps, that captained by Rogers in 1881.

The Columbia College crew:

Position	Name	Weight	Age
Row	Guy Richards, '87	153	20
No. 2	R. C. Appleton, '89	167	19
No. 3	C. A. Stevens, '87	162	20
No. 4	W. A. Melickham (captain), '86	168	20
No. 5	G. M. Donnelly, '87	175	21
No. 6	S. Harris, '87	173	20
No. 7	C. E. Beckwith, '88	163	22
Stroke	R. Lockwood, '87	159	20
Coxswain	R. S. Morrell, '88	104	19
Substitute	G. F. Warren, '88	154	20

The Yale crew:

Position	Name	Weight	Age
No. 1	Robert Appleton, '86	156	21
No. 2	John Rogers, Jr., '87	161	21
No. 3	Joseph W. Middlebrook, '87	166	21
No. 4	F. A. Stevenson, '88	165	18
No. 5	G. W		

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Sporting men in the far West are now singing hosannas over Jake Gaudaur, the champion single scull oarsman, who, they claim, can outrow not only any man in America but any man in the world.

Prominent sporting men and a well known business man stand ready to back Gaudaur against any oarsman breathing for any amount from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

One of the champion's principal backers is John A. St. John, a gentleman who represents a large business enterprise at St. Louis, and who can well afford to stake \$5,000 on his protégé's chances of defeating Beach, Teemer, Hanlan, etc.

By the way, many appear surprised at Gaudaur winning the championship, and they imagine that it was more by luck than his superiority over Teemer.

I disagree with these critics, and believe that Gaudaur won the race fairly on his merits, and by making the pace too fast for Teemer during the first mile of the distance.

Gaudaur's rise to the premiership in the aquatic sphere to America is, I think, due to his style, perseverance, practice and his knowledge of the oar, combined with long and tried experience.

This is my idea of the success of Gaudaur over Teemer.

Every one who witnessed Gaudaur drive his shell through the water at Pullman, Ill., on May 12, will never forget the terrific pace he cut out, which speed, I think, reduced his opponent's courage and caused his arm to falter and his shell to stop its motion.

Gaudaur is not a very big man, nor all over a powerful one, though he is exceptionally well developed, not only where an oarsman wants it—in the loins—but where one who rows as he does absolutely must have it—in the extensor muscles of the legs.

In rowing he does not kick his "stretcher" or shove his feet against it with anything like a jerk; but he sets them solidly against it and pushes with the heaviest and mightiest force he can possibly apply, much as a man pushes with his legs and feet upon the floor when he bestirres half a ton and lifts it—if he can.

I think this supreme push is far more forcible than any sudden kick could be, because it throws every ounce of pressure against that fulcrum that he can possibly impose.

By this means Gaudaur, like Hanlan, whose style he has, I think, copied, is able to gain more power into his work than any less effective pusher could obtain, and it rushes him forward accordingly.

Gaudaur is at the top of the aquatic tree at present, but how long he will be so; to defend the championship is a matter of future history.

I have witnessed more genuine fistic encounters in this country than any man who scratches a pen, and I flatter myself I know more about the status and ability of the fistic heroes than any of the amateur scribblers who write about them.

I witnessed Joe Coburn face the burly Mike McCoolle at Charleston, Md., in the summer of 1883, and saw Coburn, who was then little scientific and clever, batter McCoolle out of all semblance of humanity.

Three years after I saw McCoolle murderously pound Bill Davis of San Francisco into a state of insensibility at Rhoad's Point, St. Louis.

Again I witnessed McCoolle face Aaron Jones, who fought Tom Sayres twice in England, for \$2,000 and the championship of England, at Busenburgh Station, Ohio, and saw McCoolle knock Jones senseless in the ring.

Two years after, I journeyed to Cold Spring, Indiana, to witness Joe Coburn again meet in the ring, McCoolle, in a battle for \$5,000 a side and the championship, and over 5,000 persons were present, but Coburn was arrested.

I witnessed Rocky Moore knock out George Rooke, when the latter could null, and saw Charley Gallagher knock out Tom Allen in one round, at St. Louis, and every important battle since, but of all the fighters since Jim Macs flourished, leaving out the champions and those who have held that title, except Paddy Ryan, I think Herald is the most promising. After he put Jim Cannon, the champion of the coal regions, a boxer who had terrorized Carbondale, Pa., to sleep in 23 seconds, on May 21, I prophesied he was what Ding Davis calls a Jack Dandy, but when I witnessed him upper cut and slash M. C. Conner, a boxer who stood six feet in his stockings and boasted of weighing 215 pounds avoirdupois, a pugilist who had stood the baptism of fire and fought Jack Ashton, the hero of thirteen battles, it only increased my belief that he is likely in the future to reign as a champion.

No man, not even the champion, can upper cut with such terrific effect and with such force as Herald, and no matter what these would-be prize ring critics, who re-copy and slash the prize ring opinions from the POLICE GAZETTE and palm them off as original in the New York Sun and Daily News, Philadelphia, may say, write or sling about Burkes, McCaffreys, etc., I say, and it can go on record, that Herald is able to defeat any man in America except Sullivan.

Herald is a native, "after the manner born."

I understand he first saw the shining light of day on Sept. 13, 1862.

He stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height and trained weights 165 pounds.

He is within two-eighths of an inch the same height as Sullivan, while the champion is only, in proper condition, 10 pounds heavier.

Herald is no novice, as will be seen by the following:

Herald's first fight was with "Sparrow" Golden of Philadelphia, for a stake of \$200, the conditions prize ring rules, with bare knuckles. Herald won in 22 rounds. He next beat Jack Madden, of England, with gloves, for a private purse, in two rounds.

Billy Kelly, of Philadelphia, was his next victim, in three rounds, with gloves, for gate receipts.

Following Kelly came big Jack Smith, of New York, an 180-pound man, in two rounds, for gate. Then Clipper Donohue, with gloves, in two rounds.

Herald was next matched against Denny Kelleher, for gate receipts, and here scored his only defeat, but by a fluke. When the men were called to the ring, Kelleher refused to go on with the match, and some three-quarters of an hour were lost before his backers succeeded in coaxing their man on.

In the meantime the greatest disorder prevailed, which had the effect of working Herald into a highly excited condition and losing him his head. When time was called Herald rushed at Kelleher and knocked him down. Kelleher got on his

feet and ran for his corner. Herald followed him, and in trying to get at his man, was thrown against a corner of the wall, striking his head and bringing him down on his knees. In this position Kelleher stood over Herald, pounding him until he sank exhausted in one round.

Repeated offers on the part of Herald have since failed in inducing Kelleher to make a second match. Herald next knocked out Billy Gabig, of Pittsburgh, in two rounds, with bare gloves, private match. Dennis Doyle, of Sheepshead, in one round, followed.

Herald and Jack Burke boxed at Ryan's Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, while Burke was playing an engagement as a boxer, in February last. Burke could not be induced to spar on his merits, and would make only a light set-to, claiming a sore arm, otherwise Herald might have added Burke to his list of men done.

His match of May 21, for \$250 a side and gate receipts, with Jim Cannon, of Carbondale, Pa., his knocking the latter senseless in 23 seconds, and his knocking out Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, in 1 minute 25 seconds, June 21, at Germania Assembly Rooms, this city, stamps him as in championship form.

I understand that sporting men in England are again agitating a proposed international prize-ring encounter between Jim Smith, England's champion, and John L. Sullivan.

I am also informed, on the best of authority, that Smith, with his backers, intend to cross the Atlantic and meet Sullivan on his own soil.

Should Smith come to America to meet the champion, he can rest assured that he will receive fair play, and if he is able to snatch the laurels from our champion's brow in a fair and manly way he will be allowed to do so.

Twenty-six years ago last April John Carmel Heenan, the Benicia Boy, crossed the raging main with a champion's certificate to meet Tom Sayres, England's premier, at pugilism on his own soil in a match for the championship.

At that time Heenan was in his prime, willing and ready to fight any man in the world.

Then pugilism was a flourishing institution.

The result of Heenan's memorable battle with the redoubtable Sayres was the crowning glory of Heenan's unfortunate career, for he never won a battle, or at least received the stakes; and it was the death-knell and downfall of pugilism in England.

Many may wonder at this. But when I state that Heenan fought the memorable battle on Farnborough, April 17, 1860, he did not receive fair play, and the very upholders and pillars of the Benevolent Pugilistic Association of Great Britain, disgusted with the unfair treatment the American champion received, left the prize ring as an institution in disgust.

I have not the least doubt that had Heenan received fair play at Farnborough on the memorable seventeenth of April, twenty-six years ago, and received the fistic laurels which, I think, he fairly won, pugilism, the once great flourishing institution of Great Britain, would still be in as flourishing a condition as it was in 1837. Heenan traveled 3,000 miles to a strange country, trusting to the honor of English sporting men to secure him fair play.

The battle created more excitement than will ever again be experienced over a prize ring encounter, and the interest felt in it pervaded all classes of society in both hemispheres.

I remember that the result was awaited with indescribable interest, eagerness and anxiety by hundreds of thousands of people, who ordinarily paid not the slightest attention to the movements of pugilists or pugilism.

The American champion was not allowed to win, but he received just as much credit as if the referee had stood at his post and declared the American the winner.

Now, I think as long as Heenan and his American backers had the courage to cross the Rubicon and meet the recognized champion of Great Britain on his own soil, that Smith and his backers should condescend to do in 1888 what John C. Heenan did in 1860, cross the Atlantic and battle for the supremacy on American soil, in just the same way as Heenan did.

It is my idea that if Smith and his sporting backers are eager to stop all discussions and arrange a match in a fair and businesslike way, they will have no trouble in doing so, and I am certain that Smith will receive a fair field and no favor at the hands of the American sporting public, who deal more in the fair play article than they do across the Atlantic.

Smith and his backers must bear in mind that if a match is ratified between Sullivan and Smith to contend for the championship of the world that betting men and those who speculate upon every sporting event in America will have their choice to wager their funds on, just the same as if Smith and Sullivan were two equines racing for a stake or prize.

A large number will stake their duets on Sullivan, while Smith will also have many supporters in this country who will back him, especially if long odds are laid on the representative champion.

A man when he stakes his money on a chicken fight, canine controversy or a fistic encounter, will, in many instances, do all he can to win; therefore, those who back Smith—and there would be quite a number—take those chances; consequently, Smith would receive fair play, for those who backed him would insist on a fair contest, no interference, and see by hook or by crook that the best man should win.

If Smith's backers take my view of the surroundings they will at once come to this, and make a trip in which they will combine pleasure with profit.

The American public, not only the sporting division, want to see the match arranged, and after Smith lands on these shores, should Sullivan, through some chance blip or any other circumstance, be prevented from meeting Smith, I have no hesitation in stating that Smith will find one or two other men who have not reached the championship goal ready to meet him, either with or without gloves, so there is no prospect of Gaudaur's champion invading America, and, on landing, find no army to meet him.

He will be heralded on his arrival and find "foemen worthy of his steel."

Early last February I said in June or July Hanlan would regain his form and row as fast as ever. The easy way he galloped his shell over the lake at St. Joseph on June 25, and beat Hoemer, of Boston, bears out my assertion. Hanlan rowed the 3 miles and turn in a hair storm in 30 minutes 18 seconds, and if it had been necessary could have beaten the 3-mile with a turn rowing record for single sculls.

Hanlan will now be after Teemer and Beach.

I have heard that they never run crooked races in England, but I am certain there are just as many crooked turf events in England as in this country. In the 1883 Derby Highland Chief actually won the race, but the judges decided St. Blaise won by a short head.

Sir Berys and St. Blaise are the two worst horses that ever won the English Derby. Sir Berys never won a race after he won the English Derby. The day he won the Blue Ribbon was run in the mud, and it was snowing and raining. There was not a horse in the race on fair going that could not have conceded him weight and beat him. He won because he was a sort horse and never won since.

St. Blaise won the Derby because the judges so decided. Highland Chief finished first, but the judges gave the race to St. Blaise. The latter never won a race since.

LATEST SPORTING.

The Canadian ride team left for Wimbledon recently on the steamer Polyneesian.

The Vesper Boat Club, of Philadelphia, have engaged Patrick A. Dempsey, the oarsman, to coach their eight-oared crew. John Teemer tried to copy Hanlan's style of rowing, but it was a very bad imitation, and the result was Gaudaur beat him.

James C. Little and James McCaughey are matched to run a half mile for \$100 a side, at the Attleboro (Mass.) Park, July 10.

M. F. Davis has charge of the arrangements for the rowing regatta to take place at Portland, Me., July 6. It is open only to citizens of the State.

A purse of \$250 has been subscribed for a hard glove contest, between Louis Jester and Dan Custy, arrangements to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Thomas Richards, of McKeesport, Pa., and Henry Bell, of Bellaire, Ohio, have been matched to row three miles, for \$250 a side at the former place, July 15.

Teemer, Gaudaur and Courtney are shortly to row at Minnetonka, Minn., for \$500 and 25 per cent. of the receipts, and in Winnipeg on July 1st and 2d for \$1,000.

Joe Davis, the trotter with a record of 2:17 1/2, and who won nearly \$70,000 in last year's circuit, was sold at Dayton, O., last week, to Mr. Burroughs for \$6,000.

If the Cleveland Driving Park offers a fat purse for Clemmie G. to trot against Majolica during the Grand Circuit meeting, Strauss will allow Majolica to start.

Jack King broke his wrist in his recent fight with Capt. Dalton, and will not be able to use it again before September. He broke it the second blow he made at Dalton.

Julie Hayman, of Rockaway Beach, backer of Billy De Lehman, of Philadelphia, announces that he will match the latter for \$500 to \$1,000, to box 8 or 10 rounds, or to a finish, any of the heavy-weights.

A notable rowing event has been arranged at Bayridge, Baltimore, in which Teemer, Courtney, Gaudaur, Ross, Leo and Hamm are entered in a single scull race for \$1,500, and also in double scull races.

The prize contest between Jack McBride of Trenton, N. J., and George Williams of Rahway, N. J., has been postponed until July 25, on account of the punishment McBride received in his recent contest with Hayes.

Teemer has challenged Hanlan to row another race on July 25, as the latter feels dissatisfied at the result of the race at Pleasure Island last October. Teemer says that will be his last race before leaving for England.

Enright, the Canadian oarsman, and Griffin, of Buffalo, will measure spruces at Silver Lake, about sixty miles from Buffalo, N. Y., on July 13. The Canadians will back Enright heavily to conquer the Buffalo boy.

At the Stockbridge (Eng.) meeting, June 24, the race for the Hurlstbourne stakes was won by three-fourths of a length by Mr. T. Jennings, Jr.'s, bay filly Mamel, Mr. Abington's bay colt Jack O'Lantern second, and Gen. Owen Williams' chestnut colt Vatican third.

The greatest trotting performance of the year was made on last Sunday at Cleveland by Mr. Gordon's horse Guy, by Kentucky Prince. Splan drove him a mile to a cart, weighing 103 3/4 pounds in 2:17 1/2; last quarter in 34 1/2 seconds. He will be a dangerous horse in the circuit.

It was rumored at the Coleman House, June 23, that Patrick F. Sheedy had charmed the tiger at Chicago to the tune of \$13,000. Sheedy, barring Dink Davis, who has just come on from Chicago, is the most reckless man in the United States in front of a lay-out.—N. Y. Daily News.

A swimming match, consisting of three races—at one, three and five miles, respectively—for a stated \$500 a side, between Dennis F. Butler, of Philadelphia, and William Johnson, an Englishman, is to be decided in the Delaware River during the latter part of July or early in August.

Jim Glynn, of Williamsburgh, John Shanley's protégé, who last March defeated Jim Donnelly, of Paterson, untainted, he having taken the place of John Cash, who was matched against Donnelly, but backed out at the last moment, will be matched against any of the big fellows, bar none, for a fight to the finish.

The race for the Childs Challenge cup was rowed over the National course on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, June 22. In the absence of the crew of Cornell University, which last year won the cup at Shawmut, the four crew of the University of Pennsylvania rowed leisurely over the course and the judge decided that they had won the cup.

Mitchell says the reason he could not conquer Patsy Cardiff was because four-ounce gloves were too big and besides denies that Cardiff knocked him down. Cardiff says that he will fight the Englishman again. He remarks: "Had I known as much about Mitchell in the first as in the last round, he would have received more than one knock-down."

The veteran pugilist, Harry Brunton, died on June 8 at the Nag's Head, Woodgreen, London, of which tavern he had been the proprietor for the past nineteen years. He acted as second to Tom Sayres in his principal battles. His fighting weight was 130 pounds, and he appeared in the ring as principal, defeating Hussey in 1849 and Duffin in 1850, and was defeated by Bill Cain of Leicester.

Herbert Neaton, the jockey, who was fatally injured while riding in the sweepstakes for 2-year-olds over the grass track at Sheepshead Bay on June 22 and died June 23, came from Hampshire, England. He was employed by the Hon. W. L. Scott of Erie. On Saturday last he rode Asteria second in the race for 2-year-old maidens, and appeared like a winner on the same filly when she fell.

The wrestling match between Wm. Muldoon, the champion Graco-Roman wrestler, and Tom Cannon, of England, was decided at Cincinnati on June 17, Graco-Roman, two falls out of three, for a stake of \$500, the winner to have seventy-five per cent. of the receipts and the championship of the world, the loser twenty-five per cent. Muldoon won the first fall after an exciting bout. Cannon won the second fall, but neither won the final.

At Notting Hill Gun Club meeting on June 13, the great handicap sweepstakes, £5 each, with a £50 cup added, seven birds each, was won by Mr. Carper. Summary: The Manchester £5 Handicap Sweepstakes, with a £50 cup added, at seven birds each; 33 subs.

Yds. rise.
27.....Mr. Carper (first prize, cup and £50).....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
25.....Mr. Ross (second prize, £50).....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
27.....Mr. Wilson (third prize, £18).....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0

Arrangements have been made for a great international regatta, which will be rowed over the Thames championship course, the last week in August, or the first week in September. The entrance fee will be \$500 and \$2,500 will be added. The race will be rowed in heats and only two men will be allowed to start in each heat. A percentage of the steamboat fares will also be added to the sweepstakes and divided among the competitors. The following oarsmen will probably start: Jake Gaudaur, Edward Hanlan, John Teemer, Wallace Ross, George H. Hosmer, of America; George Perkins, Wm. Godwin, of England, and Neil Masterson and Wm. Beach, of Australia.

The great wrestling match between John Cudihoe of Denver, now residing in Park City, Utah, and D. A. McMillan of Salt Lake, formerly of San Francisco, Cal., was decided at Salt Lake on June 16. The conditions were best three in five falls at Cornish, collar-and-elbow, side hold, Graco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can styles for \$1,000. Great interest was centered in the match and a large amount of money was wagered at odds on the result. Both men are well known in sporting circles throughout the United States, and had a strong following of admirers. The match was one of the most interesting ever witnessed. McMillan won the first fall; the collar-and-elbow style in 19 minutes and the best at Graco-Roman style in four minutes. Cudihoe won the catch-as-catch-can style in 26 minutes, the Cornish style in 5 minutes and the side hold bout and the match in 1 minute 30 seconds. Large sums of money changed hands over the affair. McMillan is 27 years of age, born in Canada, and weighs 195 pounds. Cudihoe is 31 years of age, born at Rochester, N. Y., and weighs 195 1/2.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

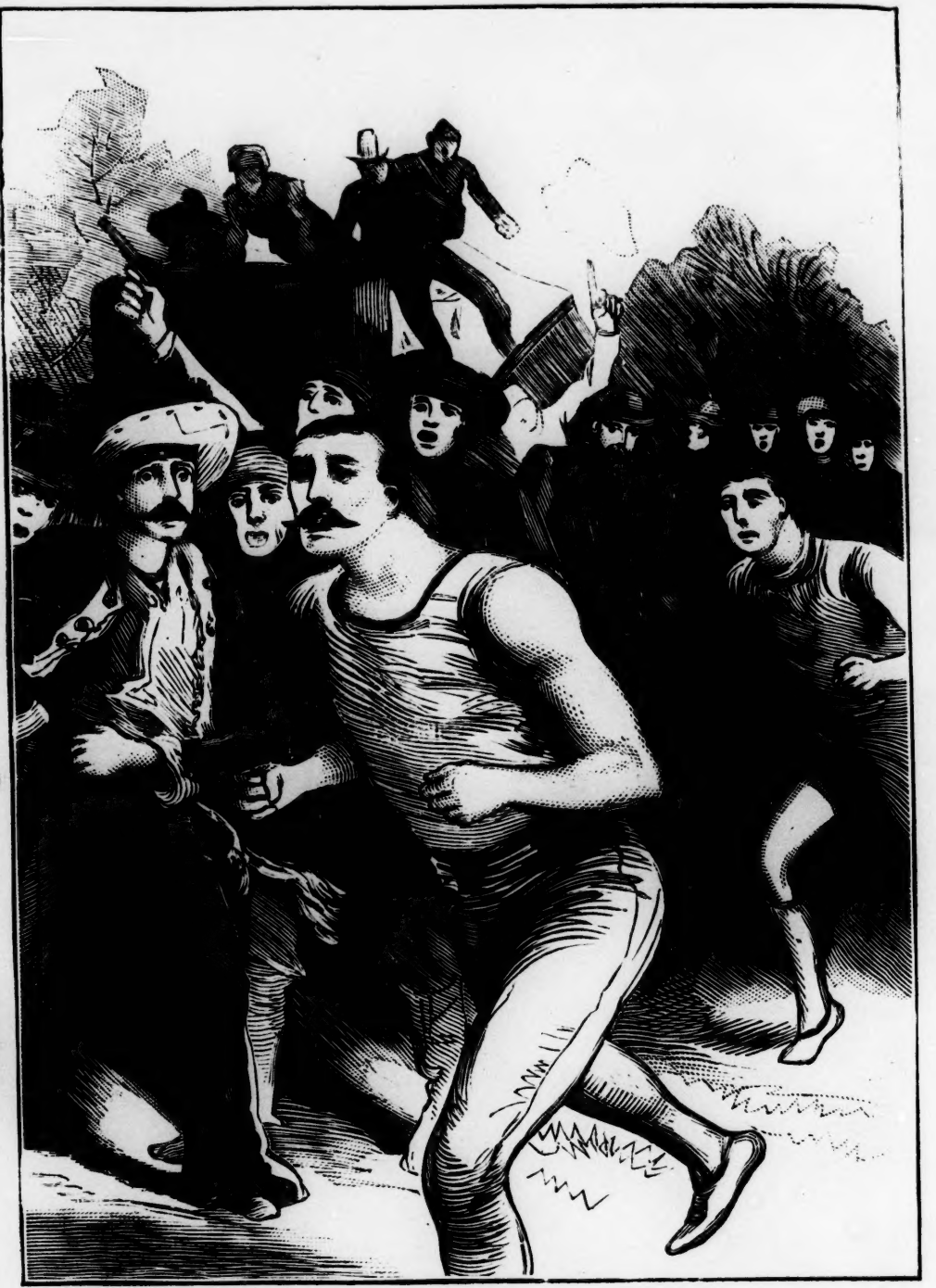
I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

D. H., Boston.—No.
W. S., Pottsville.—No.
W. G., Hartford.—Yes.
K. M. C., Brooklyn.—No.
J. W., Baltimore, Md.—No.
W. O., Louisville.—A wins.
J. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—Yes.
M. M., Trenton, N. J.—Yes.
S. O., Tonawanda, N. Y.—No.
A. Reader, South Boston.—No.
J. M. M., Denver, Col.—Nearly \$4,000.
B. B., Elmira.—There is no such record.
M. P. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—At 35 or 36.
D. A. R., Atchison, Kansas.—Third class.
R. H., Elizabeth, N. J.—We will ascertain.
S. G., Salamanca.—1. No. 2. Jake Gaudaur.
H. H. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—Have written you.
K. C. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Six feet 2 1/2 inches.
D. M. H., Toledo, O.—William Muldoon holds that title.
S. G., Newark, N. J.—We published a report of the race.
J. W. C., Pawtucket.—Isomony won the Manchester Cup in 1880.
C. W. C., Storm Lake.—Write to the American News Company.
G. J., Metuchen, N. J.—Straight, when it is agreed to play them.
J. F., Auburn, Placer county, Cal.—We have not the parties address.
W. G., Boston, Mass.—St. Leger course is 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards long.
D. J., Holyoke, Mass.—Bob Way was the champion lumper of America in 1868.
A. R., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Alf Greenfield's battle with Tug Wil son ended in a draw.
T. H. S., Pittsfield, Ill.—Send 25c. for the "Sporting Man's Companion" to this office.
Rex, Lebanon, Pa.—1. At what distance? 2. Prince holds best 50-mile bicycle record.
J. B., Hartford, Conn.—1. We do not answer correspondents by mail. 2. Three sixes win.
H. S. K., New York.—Address your letter to John Burke Beaverwyck, Albany, N. Y.
T. R. L., Alinsworth, Neb.—It is necessary to be a first-class athlete to be classed general at all branches.
P. T., Harrisburg, Pa.—Yes; it was reported that Fred Cavi I swam across the Channel on Aug. 29, 1877.
D. A. W., Bradshaw, Utah.—1. No. 2. The decision of the judges settled all arguments, and was final.
J. M., New York City.—According to old betting rules both won. According to new rules only Tremont won.
H. S., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. We think Guy, by Kentucky Prince, will trot away down in 2:15 this season.
W. H. M., Wolf Creek, N. W. T., Canada.—There is no paper published in this country gives the information.
T. W., Covington, Ky.—No. 84 Park Row, New York. A letter addressed to this office will reach him in 20 minutes.
P. C., Paterson, N. J.—April 17, 1880. Send for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring" to this office.
J. M., Salt Lake City.—Furnish us the man's name and we will inform you if he fought Kenny, the shoeblack, in England.
J. W., San Bernardino, Cal.—1. No. 2. Jack Dempsey offered to fight Jack Burke, but the latter did not accept the challenge.
S. H., Boston.—The glove contest between Dave Campbell and J. P. Clow, in Portland, Oregon, May 22, 1886, was decided a draw.
D. S., Boston, Mass.—The fastest running time for 1 mile is 4 minutes, 16 1/2 seconds, made by Wm. Cummings, at Preston, Eng., May 14, 1881.
W. S. B. L., Harvey Lake, Pa.—The best bicycle 24-hour road record is 281 9/10 miles, made by S. P. Hollingsworth, of Rushville, Ind., on June 19, 1886.
G. D. M., Seamonville, Kan.—There is no book except "The American Athlete," published by Richard K. Fox. Send 25 cents and it will be mailed you.
W. C., Rochester, N. Y.—John Dyer, a colored pugilist of Milwaukee, defeated Johnson, the colored champion of Chicago, with small gloves, in the third round.
E. J. McI., Buffalo.—1. If you send numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE you require, accompanied with the price, they will be mailed. 2. Thirteen rounds were fought.
J. W. M., Boston.—At Tattersall's, in London, England, the betting is all done by poules and monkeys. A pouly is £25, equal to \$125. A monkey is £500, equal to \$2,500.
A. K., Terre Haute, Ind.—1. Chas. E. Courtney was born at Union Springs, N. Y., in 1849. 2. He stands 6 feet 1 1/2 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds when trained.
S. G., Hartford, Conn.—1. No. 2. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars were taken in as the gate receipts of the filmore-Battle fight. Blithe weighed 8 pounds more than the champion light weight.
A., Taunton, Mass.—1. John Hughes was entered for the O'Leary international six-day go-as-you-please race by Richard K. Fox. 2. Yes; Hughes won the race. 3. The race took place in January, 1881, and a wins.
D. W. S. and H. W. B., Havre de Grace, Maryland.—Joe Coburn never fought Tom Allen for the championship of America. Allen, challenged Coburn to fight for the championship at New Orleans La., May 10, 1870.
L. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Sam Arnall won the first Derby on Donmed in 1780. He also rode a Derby winner in 1782, winning with Assassin. In 1787 he won with Sir Peter Teazel, and in 1798 he won with Sir Harry.
J. D. P., National Home, Leavenworth, Kan.—B. must follow suit if he holds it in his hand. A club called for club, B. could not revoke. B. should have played to suit. He revoked when he trumped A's trick, having a club in his hand.
D. L., Decatur, Ill.—1. Charley Mitchell and Alf Greenfield never fought as opponents in the ring. They boxed according to Queensberry rules, at Birmingham, and Mitchell was acknowledged to have the best of the affair. 2. Mitchell won that title in a boxing tournament.
R. S., Weir City, Kan.—1. Send 25c. to this office for a copy of the "Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the information on pages 54 and 55. 2. Edward Hanlan's time when he rowed Wm. Elliott for the championship of England was 21 minutes 1 second. The distance was 3 miles 563 yards.
M. W. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—Jennie June, two-year-old, by King Alfonso, dam Glean, was purchased by J. T. Williams at the Alexander sale, 1885, for \$500. He also bought McLaughlin for \$510. Williams sold Jennie June to Callahan & Co. on June 16, 1886, for \$1,000, and on June 22 Jennie June won a maiden two-year-old sweepstakes race at Coney Island, beating McLaughlin, Williams' colt.
H. S., Brighton, Mass.—An amateur wheelman or bicycle rider is any person who has never, either in public or private, raced or exhibited his skill for a public or a private stake, or for a purse, or for gate money, and who has never competed under a false name, and who has never backed or allowed himself to be backed either in a public or a private race. A professional is a man who at any time has violated his standing as stated above.
TUNNERS, Chicago.—1. The Monmouth Park races commence July 1 and end Aug. 24. Saratoga races begin on July 29 to Aug. 31. Chicago Jockey Club races commence on June 26 and end Aug. 14. The next turf puzzle is the horse that will win the Twin City Handicap. 2. It looks as if the Dwyers had the chief two-year-old stakes at their mercy, as it is understood that they have two others in the stable almost as fast and stout as Tremont. 3. Troubadour, the winner of the Suburban, is four years old, according to "The Sporting Man's Companion." In 1885 he figured in twenty-one races. He ran first five times, second three times, third nine times, and only ran unpurposed four times. He won \$11,946. Troubadour is by Lisbon and can be classed one of the best race-horses in this country.



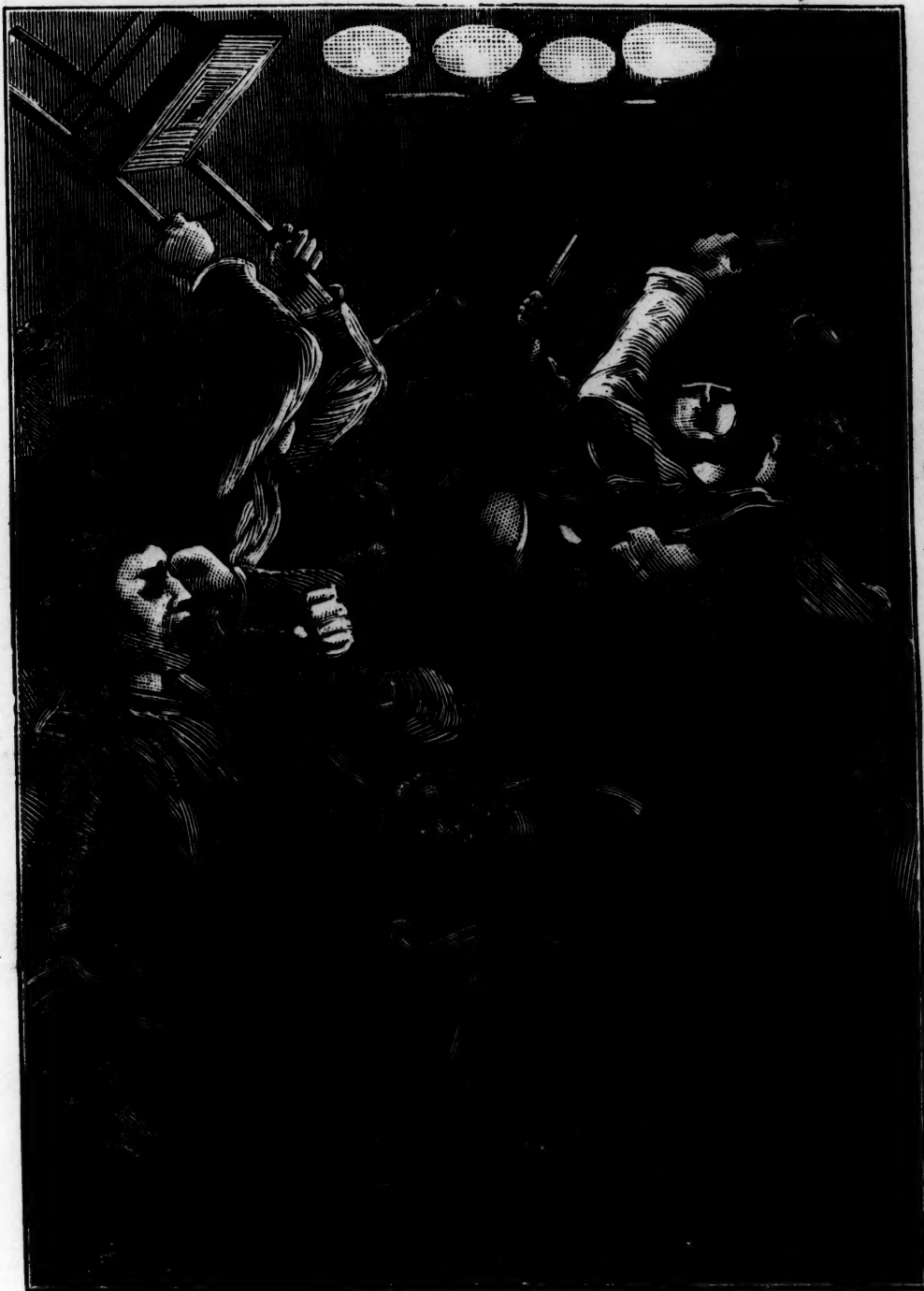
SHE LICKED THE DUDE.

HOW AN INFURIATED FEMALE LAID OUT A MASHER AT WATERTOWN, DAKOTA.



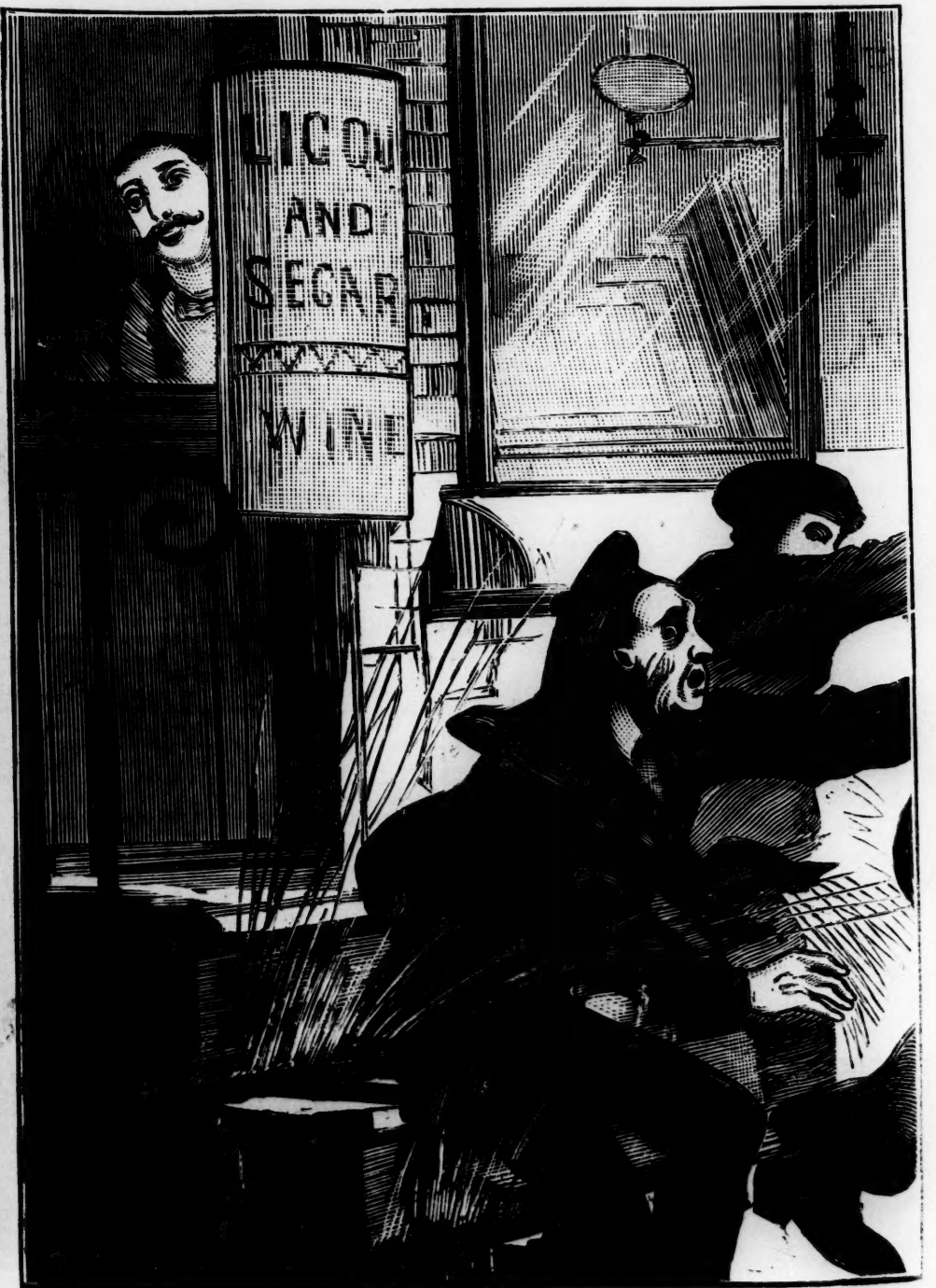
HIS HOME RUN.

FRED W. STONE, THE FAMOUS RUNNER, ELOPES WITH THE BELLE OF PIERRE, DAKOTA.



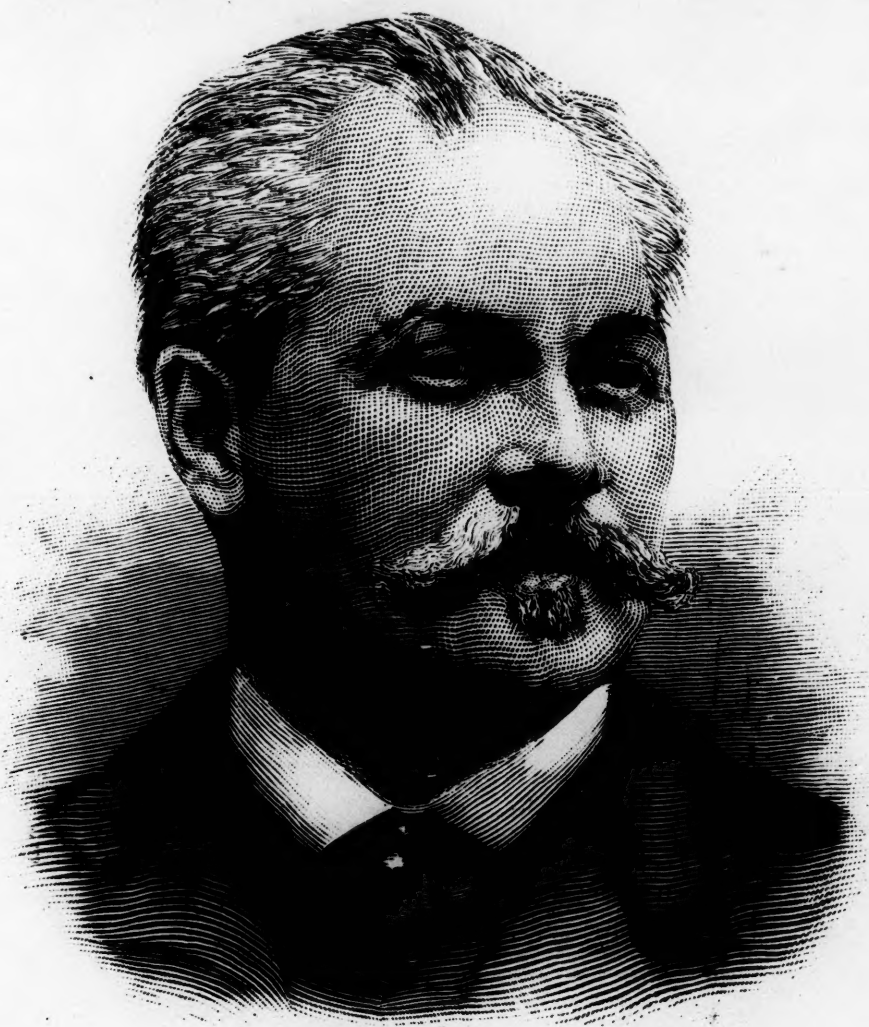
KNOCKED SENSELESS.

HOW SENIOR WHITELAW OF HARVARD WAS HIT ON THE HEAD IN A STUDENT RIOT.



RESERVED SEATS.

HOW A QUARTETTE OF SAILOR MEN WERE SUDDENLY INVITED TO QUIT.



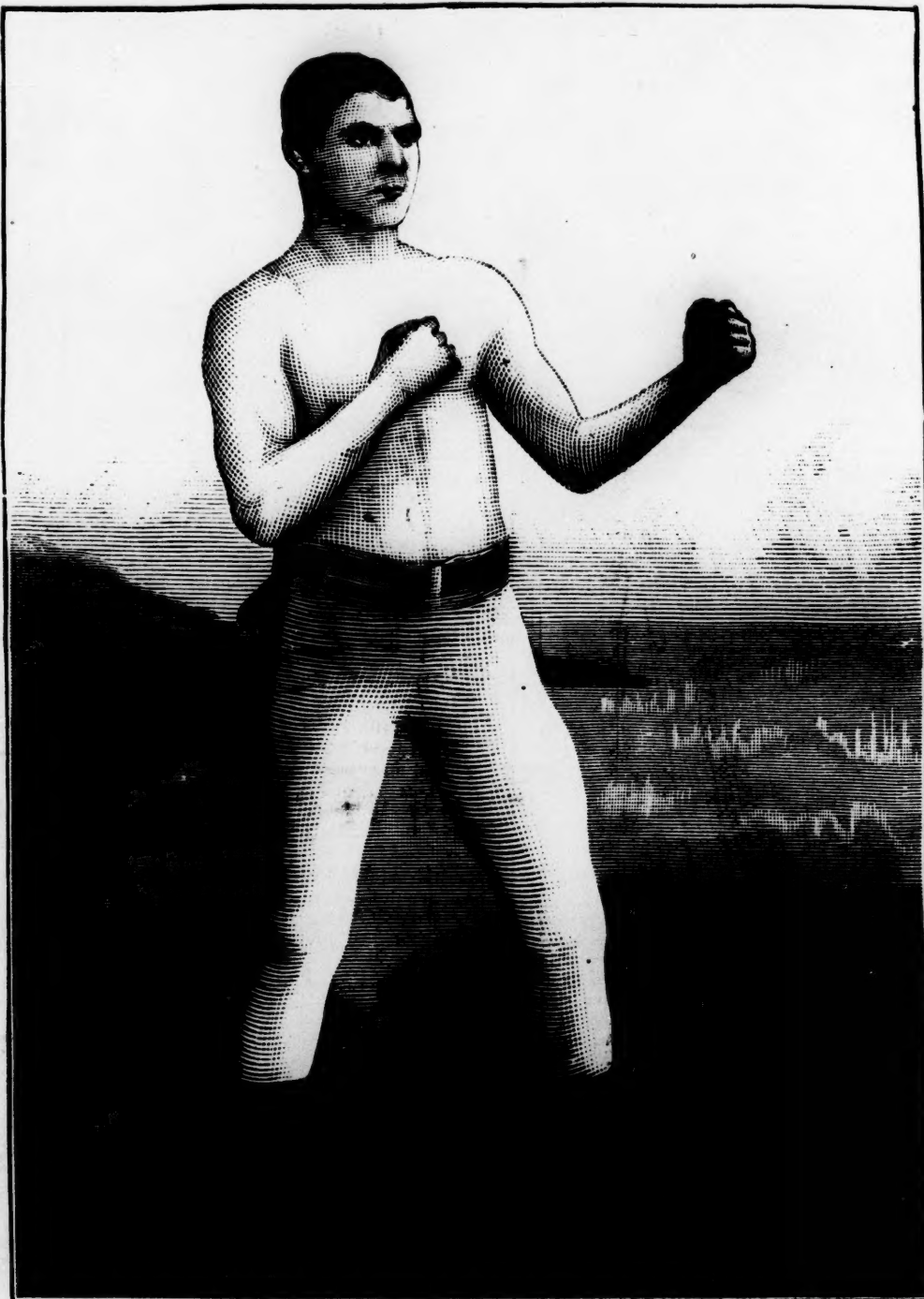
A. BYRON CROSS,

THE POPULAR TURFMAN AND BONIFACE OF NEW YORK CITY.

Killed Her Husband With a Scantling.

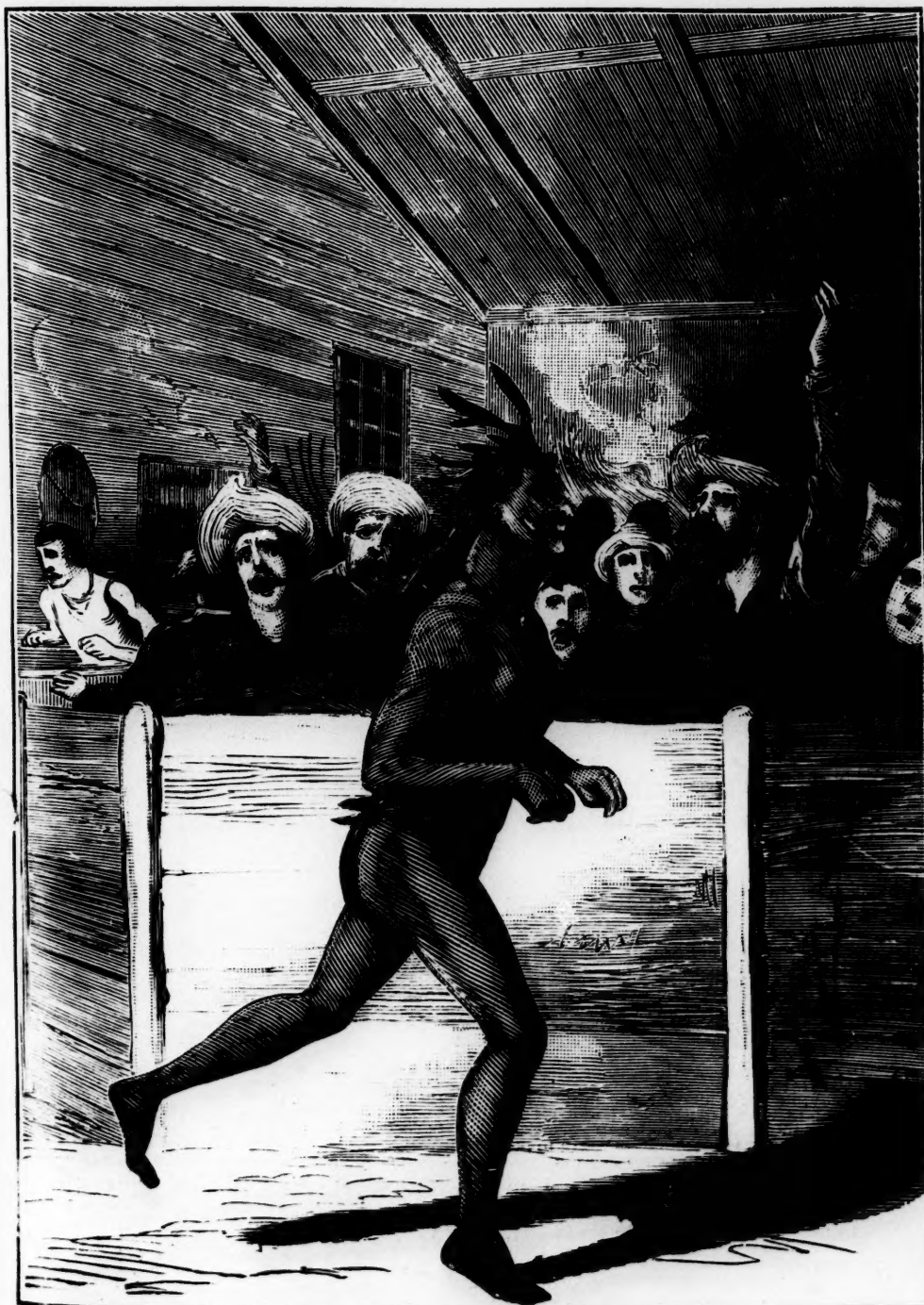
Mrs. Sarah Tyrrell, wife of a farmer in Mount Hope township, Wisconsin, came to town to do some trading. On her return home she was met at the door by her husband, David Tyrrell, who ordered her not to enter, that he wasn't going to have her there any more. He emphasized his command by throwing a chair at her. Mrs. Tyrrell picked up a scantling that was on the ground near by and defended herself by striking her husband a heavy blow on the head. He fell backward, striking his head

on the doorstep in such a manner as to fracture his skull. Mrs. Tyrrell notified a neighbor at once and stated that she had killed her husband in the above manner. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts. The murdered man was nearly eighty years old and his murderer was his third wife. They have had many quarrels during their married life, and the latest quarrel was started by his selling off the property on the farm and going away, leaving Mrs. Tyrrell without means with which to live. She made application to have him committed to an insane asylum.



ED. SMITH,

THE FAMOUS BOXER WHO IS CHAMPION OF UTAH TERRITORY.



A LIVE INDIAN RACE.

THE SERIES OF CONTESTS AT CALGARY, ALBERTA, BRITISH NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY.



SAM COLLYER.

THE WELL-KNOWN SOLDIER-PUGILIST WHOSE PRIVATE NAME IS WALTER JAMISON.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



Larry Corcoran.

whose portrait appears in this issue, was born in Brooklyn, where he has lived the greater portion of his life. He learned to play ball on the vacant lots in Williamsburgh, where he was picked up by the Athletics, of New York, a then co-operative third-class club. He pitched with such great success for the Athletics that he attracted public attention, and in the early part of the season of 1877 he was stolen away from the Athletics by the Chelsea Club, of Brooklyn. Later in the season he received an engagement with the Genesee Club, of Genesee, N. Y., and before the close of the season he was picked up by the Buffalos, with whom he closed the season. Jack Chapman secured his services for the Springfield Club, of Springfield, Mass., in the spring of 1878, and he developed into such an excellent pitcher that he was retained during the following season. That fall he accompanied the Chicago Club to California, after having pitched one game for them against the Dubuque Club. He remained in San Francisco with the Chicago for eight weeks and then returned with Anson and Flint, while the rest of the team remained there over winter. During the seasons of 1880, '81, '82, '83, '84 and part of 1885, until about the first of August, Corcoran pitched for the Chicago, and the wonderful success with which he met is too well known for us to devote much space to. He was laid up with a sprained arm, and as it did not improve very rapidly President Spalding presented him with his release. Mutrie secured him about the middle of last season and nursed his sore arm until it is now in as fine condition as it ever was before, and some most excellent work may be looked for from him before the close of the season. Corcoran has been loaned to the Washington Club by the New York management, until the Washington pitchers recover from their present broken up condition.

The Indians are giving the whole Association a big scare.

Hankinson is playing a great third base for the "Indians."

The umpiring as a rule has been very rank this season.

Handbook seems to be a daisy one day and a horse's necktie the next.

Frank Brancroft has succeeded in weaning his men on chewing gum.

The Atlantas are finding the ball in great shape in the Southern League.

Caylor's management acts upon the Cincinnati Club just like a dose of physic.

Blondie Purcell has about the finest base-running team in the Southern League.

It makes a big difference to the Philadelphia Club to be deprived of the services of Fogarty.

The "Indians" anticipate doing some pretty lively scalping on their present Western trail.

This thing of pulling your team off the field for every trivial offence has been done away with long ago.

Bob Ferguson seems to have put new life in the boys. There is nothing like a man with plenty of gizzard.

What Jimmy Clinton lacked as an umpire he is making up as a ball player, as he has added giant strength to the Baltimore Club.

Big Pete Browning still continues to find the ball, and it is seldom that he takes part in a game that he does not get one or more hits.

Paul Hines seems to be worth his weight in gold to the Washington Club, as he has been doing some pretty heavy slugging this season.

The Wiman Indians would like to have Richardson, of the New Yorks, with their tribe, but Mutrie thinks Danny a pretty good man for left field.

A spirited game of ball was recently played at the Polo Grounds between the Brogan and Sullivan clubs for two kegs of beer. The Sullivans won.

The contemplated trip to California of the St. Louis Maroons next winter will be knocked higher than a kite unless the club braces up and plays better ball.

The Philadelphia found out that they were not the only club that knew how to play ball when they ran foul of the Maple Leafs in the game at Guelph, Ont.

Dave Ezler is playing ball just as well now as he did twenty-five years ago, when he was in the prime of life, and he does not look the least bit the worse for wear.

The St. Louis Club will be satisfied with third place. Now is the chance for the Mets or Brooklyn

to get there, providing the Pittsburgs have no serious objections.

Trantz, of the St. Louis Club, is dubbed "His Needle," owing to the natural failure in the development of his legs. Somehow the girls don't seem to take kindly to him.

Ed. Fusselbach is building up a fine reputation for himself in the Southern League, and is one of the most popular of the Northern players who are now playing in the South.

Charlie Sweeney thought that he had been struck by a cyclone the day the Detroitis pounded him for fourteen runs, eleven of which were earned, and seven of them were home runs.

The Eastern League clubs are not doing as well as they had anticipated, and it will not be much of a surprise to hear of that organization going to the wall before the first of August.

Clarkson is not quite so dudsish this season, as the other League clubs have pounded the conceit out of him. McCormick is the man now and Clarkson is doing the second-fiddle act.

Wykoff thinks that a missed third strike should not be counted as an error, and should be placed in the summary as a passed ball. The cranks seem to be getting more plentiful every day.

When the charges against Mullane are properly sifted it is dollars to cents that the Cincinnati *Enquirer* will be placed in a more contemptible light in the eyes of the public than Mullane will be.

Ramsey is undoubtedly a first-class pitcher, even if he is one of the toughest nuts in the business. To look at him one would be sure to mistake him for a licensed vender, although he is hardly so intelligent looking.

Brennan made but a short stay in Washington. He was a great catcher in Williamstown, but when he got behind the bat in Washington, the bottom fell out of him and he was shipped back home in a hurry.

How the mighty have fallen. The "only" Nolan, who at one time was the pride of the pitcher's box, is ignored now by even tenth rate clubs. Too much notoriety swelled the soap bubble until it finally burst.

There are several clubs that would like to disband, but they are keeping up only with the vague hope to outlive some of the others, and thus get a chance to gobble up some of the forfeit money now in the treasury.

This thing of the Washingtons being handicapped by the different umpires is all poppycock. They are playing good ball, to be sure, but their trouble is that they are not playing the game good enough to get away with the other fellows.

There was so much fault-finding by the cranks of this city with the management of the New Yorks for having the unlucky number of thirteen players, that in order to restore peace and happiness they have engaged a fourteenth man.

Hugh Dally, the greatest crank of a pitcher that ever trod the American diamond, is now almost forgotten. He has outlived his usefulness in the baseball arena, and has been dropped like a cast-off garment assigned to the ash barrel.

The strings which hold old man Sutton together are beginning to break away and the old gentleman is rapidly falling apart. He has been good and faithful to the Boston club and there is no doubt but that Mr. Soden in the largeness of his heart will take good care of his old thoroughbred.

Rogers and Philbrick were playing billygoat during the Waterville-Bates game, June 23, and butted their heads together so hard that the game had to be brought to a close to try and see which was knocked out the worst. But it was declared a dead heat, and they were both so badly done up that they had to be carried off the field.

The old, old story. The Chicago Club returned from Detroit steeped to the eyebrows with indignation, and, as usual, gave it out that it was not the superior playing of the Detroitis, but the umpire, that beat them. It gives one cramps in their stomach to hear them tell how Gaffney had been wind and dined, given carriage rides and been presented with flowers by friends of the Detroitis, until he became biased in their favor.

This is tough on Connelly. The Pittsburgh Referee and Dramatic Critic gets back at Jack as follows: "It is said that Umpire Connelly keeps marbles in his mouth to record called balls. Every time he calls a ball he takes one out. By the time he has called five he voice is intelligible." This is kind of a hard crack at the size of Connelly's mouth. Wonder how Jack would like to chew on the ear of that dramatic critic fellow?

It is a perfect outrage the style in which some of these poor ball players are abused. Charlie Kelly, who was signed by the Athletics and released after playing one game, realized \$150 by the deal. Still he complains bitterly about the poor treatment he received at the hands of that management. Were this fellow to be presented with the Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth avenue he would commence to kick because the Hudson River Railroad was not included in the gift.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gravity known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh River, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh River, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Corlandt or Desbrosses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M., on July 5, 14, 23, August 11, 23, Sept. 8, 22, Oct. 6, 20, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss this trip.

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ADVERTISING MERITS.

The claims of newspapers as to circulation are seldom relied upon, the POLICE GAZETTE, therefore, prefers to allow its patrons to speak on its behalf. The POLICE GAZETTE is sold in every State and Territory in the Union, and is mailed to every established post office in the United States, is subscribed for by upward of two thousand newspapers, who rely upon its columns for sporting news. It also possesses a very large European patronage, being well known from Australia to the diamond fields of South Africa. With such a record of popularity, will it not pay every advertiser to give its columns a test trial trip?

READ WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY.

Office of THE IMPORTING COMPANY, OSWEGO, N. Y., March 15, 1886. Our returns from your paper are all we can ask—more than we expected. THE IMPORTING CO. MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY, SALEM, MASS., April 9, 1886. We find the GAZETTE pays up too. P. L. CALLAHAN.

Eau Claire, Wis., Feb. 6, 1886. Our advertisement in the GAZETTE has surprised us. We were overran with answers and orders. Shall advertise regular. All we could do under the circumstances was to fill the orders received from our advertisement in your paper. STANDARD BOOK CO.

MOUNT KILCO, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1886. We sent you a four-line advertisement three weeks ago that has brought in more orders than any ten papers we advertise in. Your paper is certainly the best advertising medium in America. THE WILLY CHEM. CO.

DEER ISLE, ME., Oct. 16, 1884. I am now receiving letters from all parts of the States, and also out of the States. I enclose you one from Arabia, that I received to-day, to show you what a distance some of them come from. I expect next to get correspondence from the Arctic Regions. Mrs. M. PARKER.

PALMYRA, PA., Nov. 19, 1884. I would here say that the POLICE GAZETTE is about the only paper that pays me to advertise in now. I don't know how it is with other advertisers, but papers that paid me well three years ago I can hardly get my money back now. The POLICE GAZETTE's rates are high, but I kept account in my investment of \$100 I have so far received \$100 in money. This I consider very good. J. G. STAUFFER.

OFFICE OF BON TON NOVELTY CO., FOXBORO, MASS., Feb. 23, 1885. We consider the POLICE GAZETTE the "champion" advertising medium in the world. BON TON COMPANY, Foxboro, Mass.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885. Please insert my advertisement in next GAZETTE. Very satisfactory results so far. Shall give you more soon. A. VAN VRANKEN.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1884. Our card in your paper has brought us more replies in two days than the same through our other papers fetch in a week. We shall continue advertising with you as long as we wish to call the attention of the people throughout the United States to our goods. NOVELTY CO.

OFFICE OF GEORGE T. WILSON, Dealer in Novelties and Agents' Goods, 70 North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Oct. 25, 1884. DEAR SIR—My advertisement in last week's issue has already brought me over forty orders. May the circulation of your paper never grow less. GEORGE T. WILSON.

HOWARD MANUFACTURING CO., Dealers in Watches, Jewelry and Novelties, 199 & 201 S. Clark St., CHICAGO, Oct. 27, 1884. We must say that the small amount of money expended by us in advertising in the POLICE GAZETTE No. 371, has proved a great success, and as soon as our large catalogue (50 lines) is ready, shall insert the same for three months. HOWARD MFG. CO.

WOODVILLE, R. I., March 12, 1884. Our advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE have proved most satisfactory to us. Our "ads." now running in your paper bring letters daily from all parts of the country. We appreciate your paper most highly. M. L. WEST & CO.

IONIA, MICH., March 22, 1884. The advertisements we have been running in your paper have answered our purpose admirably, and we find your patrons are not confined to this continent, frequently receiving orders from Europe and other foreign countries. GEM CARD CO.

NEW YORK "DAILY NEWS," Office 25 Park Row, NEW YORK, April 17, 1884. We have advertised the New York Weekly News in over one thousand papers in all sections of the Union within the past six months. The advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE has given us larger cash returns than any twenty of the other journals we have used. GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW, Managing Editor N. Y. Weekly News.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 19, 1885. Without any solicitation from you, I must say that my customers state that your paper pays them the best. It brings answers almost immediately and from all portions of the country, and I cheerfully add my name in endorsing it as an excellent advertising medium—in fact, it has no equal. H. M. RICE, Advertising Agent, 73 W. Baltimore St.

MADAME M. LATOUR, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Superior Preparations for Beautifying the Face and Form, 2146 Lexington Avenue, cor. 129th St., NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1885. I will say I now advertise in over 200 different papers, and I have never received so good returns as from your paper. MADAME M. LATOUR.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1885. During the few weeks I have used the POLICE GAZETTE as an advertising medium, it has brought me 1,025 applications for goods from every State and Territory in the United States, Canada and foreign lands. Having been more or less associated with the newspaper press for many years, I must say that the extent, character and widespread diversity of circulation, stamp it as the foremost sporting paper of the world, and certainly without a peer. Long may your flag wave over the Franklin Square Publishing House. DAVID H. LAWSON, General Supply and Purchasing Agency, Phila., Pa.

An advertiser who does not care to have his identity placed in type writes: The value of anything of yours, for the purpose of advertising, ought to be written in gold and set in diamonds. Two years ago I paid you for an advertisement, which this morning brought orders worth to me twenty-five dollars. Similar instances have not been unusual to yours, appreciatively, March 16, 1885.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, April 6, 1885. We inserted a two-line advertisement in your paper, and received over 500 orders from the same. Your medium cannot be surpassed. HOME SUPPLY AGENCY.

DEER ISLE, ME., Oct. 16, 1884. I am now receiving letters from all parts of the States, and also out of the States. I enclose you one from Arabia, that I received to-day, to show you what a distance some of them come from. I expect next to get correspondence from the Arctic Regions. Mrs. M. PARKER.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and after Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tanbark circle. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy. Fanny Froude; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes. Great Crimes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations. Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective. Heavens Chimes. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California. Guileau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guileau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenge. A Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Esposito. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The monarchs of the mountains. Fast Men of America; or, Racing with Time from the Cradle to the Grave. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Hung Money; or, Murder in the Air. A romance of metropolitan real life. Faro Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mabelle Unmasked; or, the Wickedest Place in the World. Gotham by Gaslight; or, After Dark in Palace and Hovel. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder. Boycotting. Avenge Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles. Crooked Life in New York. Sketches of Criminal Life in New York. "Police Gazette" Annual. A book of Wit, Humor and Sensation. Female Sharpers. Their Haunts and Habits, Their Wiles and Vices. Suicide's Cranks; or, the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea. Murdered by Lust; or, How Jennie Cramer Lost Her Life.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights. History of the Prize Ring, with Lives of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan. Life of Jenn Macre, ex-Champion of England. "John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman." "John C. Heenan, with all his Battles." "Tug Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England." "Ed. Hanlon, American's Champion Chessman." Betting Man's Guide, or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations. Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... "2.00 " Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Imported Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman together; natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. I guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the finest pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12), safely by mail, \$1. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York. Room 15, rear building.

FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female patients—a rare book—166 pages of fancy reading, choice tidbits and 10 male and female illustrations. By mail, well sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, for \$1. Mail or express. T. H. JONES, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.



The Magic Reveal. Do you wish to gaze on the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000 times. Sample, 25c.; 3, 50c.; 7, \$1; 1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10, assorted. Money for agents. Genuine. Transparent Playing Cards, pack, 1 dozen, \$7.00; 4 best samples, 10c.

PHOTOS. Send 25c. for 6 very choice samples, just the kind you want. Life (cabinets) Male, 25c.; Female, 25c.; Scenes, 25c.; Colored, 50c.; Set, \$1; 3 sets, \$2; 1 dozen sets, \$5.

18 Photographs of Female Beauties; In cabinet cards, 25c.; 5 sets \$1.00; 1 dozen, \$2.00; 100, \$10. Card size photographs, actresses in tights, 25c.; 10 cabinets, 50c. (mailed).

Racy Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 25c.

THE SECRETS OF LOLA MONTEZ.

Complete (pocket edition) plain English, illus. natural as life. Strictly for boudoir reading. By mail \$1.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, fancy, pocket-sized cards, entitled "What Did She Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door," "Parlor Scene at 12 P. M.," "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Machine," "Description of a Nuptial Night," and "Under the Garden Wall." Lot, 25c.

Complete samples of all the above goods, \$2.00. PURCHASING AGENCY, Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

ELECTRIC

Sleeve Buttons.

GOLD FINISH.

These beautiful buttons are perfect gems, and create quite a sensation. Every movement of the hand sets the figure quivering and the motions are lifelike and graceful. The figures are recovered with glass.

No. 21 (as shown in cut) represents a ballet-girl who goes through every movement known to the most finished dancers. They are from France, no one in this country having been able to produce them. Moving figures of Bugs, Turtles, Horses, &c. One pair by mail \$5.00 3 pair \$1.00; 12 pair, \$5.50.

Dice Sleeve Buttons.

Gold Finish. The Dice in the Buttons are perfect, games may be played with them as with large ones. Sample pair by mail 25c.

812 pair, \$1.35; 12 pair \$3.00.

World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N.Y.

SPORTING MEN

HUSH! You Can Get Them. Gents only.

Full pack, 53 Genuine Transparent Cards, "Hold to Light," secreted views; male and female; old-timers. Mailed secure, 50c. per pack (price reduced), 2 packs 90c. French Photo free every order. Our unequalled set of 10 Genuine fancy female photos, from life, for gents' private album. Price, 30c. NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

TO GENTLEMEN ONLY

An entirely new article, which no gentleman, married or single, should be without a single day. It will last at least a year with careful usage, and can be carried in the vest pocket. Sent securely sealed with full directions on receipt of \$1, or six for \$5. R. F. CATON, Box 237, Boston, Mass. N. B.—This is no humbug.

"A Night Seen," "Did It For Love," "On a Lucy," "The Spanish Virgin," "The Night Piece," "The Spanish Passion," and three other pieces of poetry. 25c. Sent sealed.

PHOTOS—Male and Female; beat old-timers; beauties; 6 for 25c.; no two alike.

Four highly-colored pictures, LOVE SCENES, 25c. PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1191, Philadelphia, Pa.

APRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

VERY USEFUL RUBBER ARTICLE FOR GENTLEMEN

will be sent in a sealed envelope for 25 cents in stamps; three for 50 cents. One dozen for \$1.50.

J. A. MCKENZIE, 152 Broadway, New York.

French Rubber Goods, Ladies' and Gents'

French Medicated Sponges, excel everything for convenience. Absolute safety guaranteed. 30 cents; 5 for \$1; 12 doz. FRENCH IMPORTING CO., Easton, Pa.

\$25

will start any person in a new business, and which will pay from \$10 to \$50 every evening. No peddling. Cut this out and write at once. World Mfg. Co. 122 Nassau St., New York.

Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 53,

secreted views, \$1. Ten very rich and rare photos, all card size, no two alike, free every order. NOVELTY AGENCY, Box 35, Maple Park, Ill., U. S. A.

SONGS

100 Songs 10c., 300 Songs 25c., 600 Songs no two alike, 50c. Agents wanted. Catalogue of Songs free. H. J. WILKMAN, 50 Chatham St., N. Y.

GREENBACK \$100 for every \$10 you

samples, \$1. Circulars, 4c. LEW H. ANDERSON, Chicago

Maiden's Dream, with a Photo, Parisian Secrets,

Maiden's Charm and six sensational Pictures, rich, rare, 25c. HANSON BROS., 52 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Rubber Safes for gents. 2 for \$1. No circulars.

S. H. HAWTHORNE, Leesburg, Ind.

LAWYERS.

Divorces.—A. Goodrich, Attorney-at-Law, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago. Advice free; 18 years experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

Legal Advice free. Send stamp for divorce

law of Ill. C. & S., 166 Randolph St., Chicago.

LIQUORS.

Whiskey and Gin—only 60 cents a gallon; made in 5 minutes. Saloon keepers and others enclose \$1 for recipes and make your own whiskey and gin. No humbug. Address P. O. Box 521, Baltimore, Md.

Wines and Liquors of all kinds made at (trading)

cont. Book of instructions, \$1. Address LEW. H. ANDERSON, Pub., Chicago.

THE TURF.

Brighton Beach

RACING ASSOCIATION

WILL HAVE RACING EVERY

Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday

AND ON EVERY AVAILABLE DAY DURING

THE SEASON.

IT IS THE MOST POPULAR TRACK IN THE

EAST, AND GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

The course can be reached by all routes to Coney Island.

R. ROBINSON, President.

JAMES MCGOWAN, Secretary.

GEORGE H. ENGEMAN, Manager and Proprietor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Huge! Enormous!

"The N. Y. Weekly News," 25 Park Row,

is the largest weekly published. Twelve pages every

week, making 624 pages in a year of sensational

articles, stories, and matters for backwoodmen every

week. Only One Dollar a year. We will send a

genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary,

1500 illustrations, 634 pages, nearly 700,000 words, elegantly bound, and the "News," one year, for only \$1.50.

Address, N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 3795, N. Y.

The Fastest Time Ever Made Running,

Walking, Bicycle Riding, both by amateurs and

professionals; winners of great events on land and

water; baseball and prize ring records, and a galaxy

of sporting statistics is published in the "Sporting

Man's Companion," now out. Price 25 cents. Sold by

all newstealers.

OLD-TIME Books, Cards, Photos, etc.

Anything you want. Samples free.

Agents wanted. Express only.

No postal cards answered. W. H. REED, Detroit, Mich.

Patent Binders. Containing Four of the

latest issues, for filing the Police Gazette, can

be purchased at the Police Gazette Publishing House,

Franklin Square, New York. Price, \$1.50 each.

An Old-time Book. A sequel to F. H. Nearly

100 pages with 24 full plate illustrations of male

and female together. 50c. Box 490, Montclair, N. J.

Rare Books, &c. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. C.

CONROY, 10 Duane St., N. Y. Established 1853.

Maid's Confession, with photo, 12c. Maiden's Dream,

10c. Maud Demerest, 103 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Marriage, &c., 14 Illustrations. Secrets for

Men and Women &c. GLOBE CO., Paulsboro, N. J.

Richest Thing Out. Her first Wedding Night. Purely

original, 10c. PRAIRIE FLOWER, Herington, Kan.

Catalogue for Stamp. Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

ENGRAVING.

RICHARD K. FOX'S

Engraving Department,

IN CONNECTION WITH HIS GREAT

SHOW PRINTING HOUSE,

Furnishes THE FINEST WORK turned out in

America on the most Liberal Terms.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended

to. Address,

RICHARD K. FOX,

Printer and Engraver, Franklin Square, N. Y. City

AMUSEMENTS.

AT ERASTINA WOODS

(Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island.

BOATS FROM THE BATTERY. FARE 10 CENTS.

Buffalo Bill's

Wild West

A FLEET OF STEAMERS From all Local Points.

For Particulars See Daily Papers.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.

Know Yourself. Just published (pocket edition),

either in English, Spanish or German, a series of

lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age,

as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to

attend sent free by mail, to any address on receipt of

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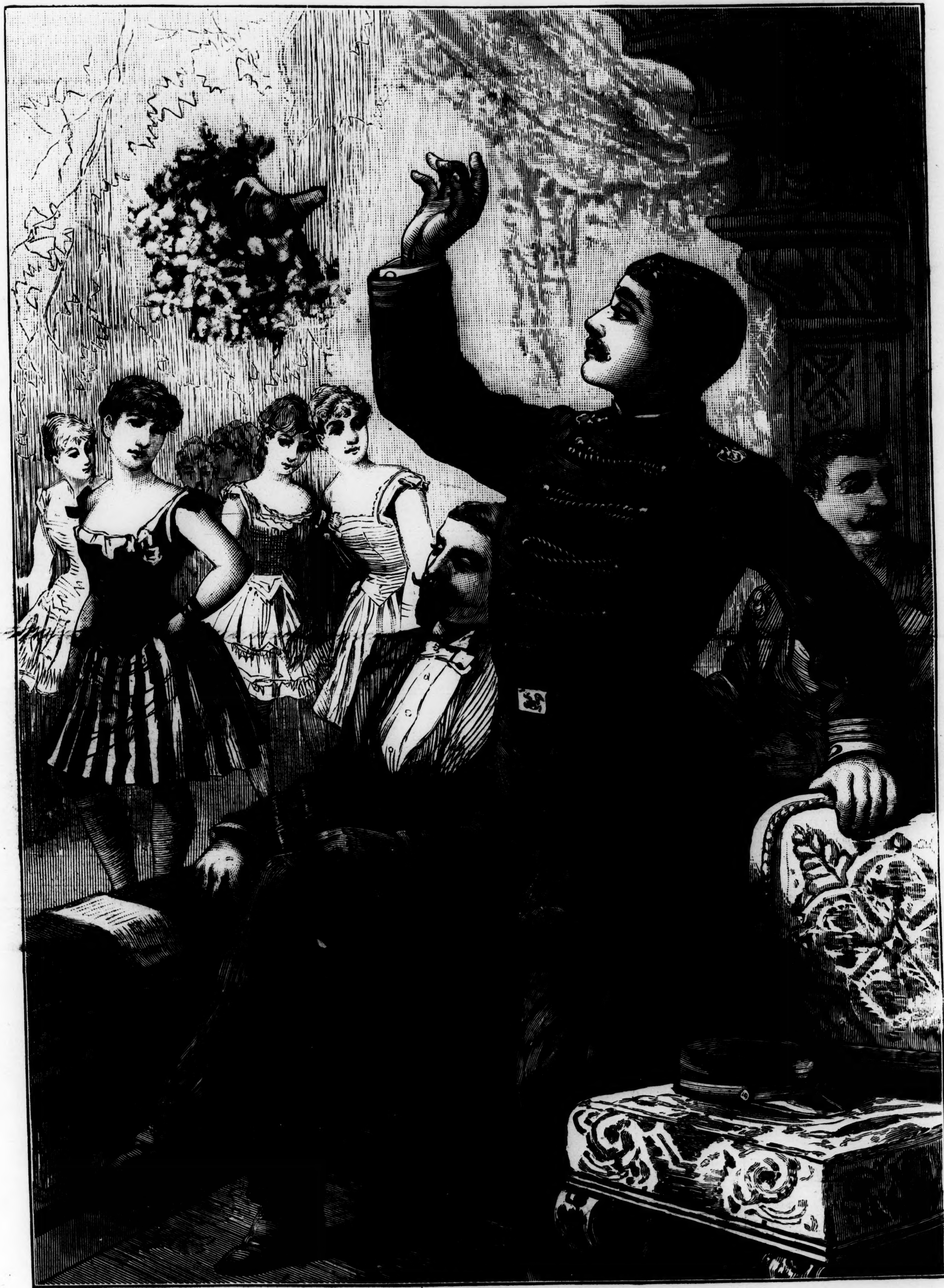
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